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◆ An eighteen-page camera study of Paris and New York from the turn of the century to the present time. The two very different milieus are seen through the camera work of Alvin Langdon Coburn, Alfred Stieglitz, Eugene Atget, Lewis Hine, Paul Strand, Robert Frank and others.

◆ Guide maps to galleries and museums in Paris and New York. Every art gallery and museum in Paris and New York is indicated on the maps, and the accompanying directories give street addresses and telephone numbers as well as a brief summary of gallery and museum activities.

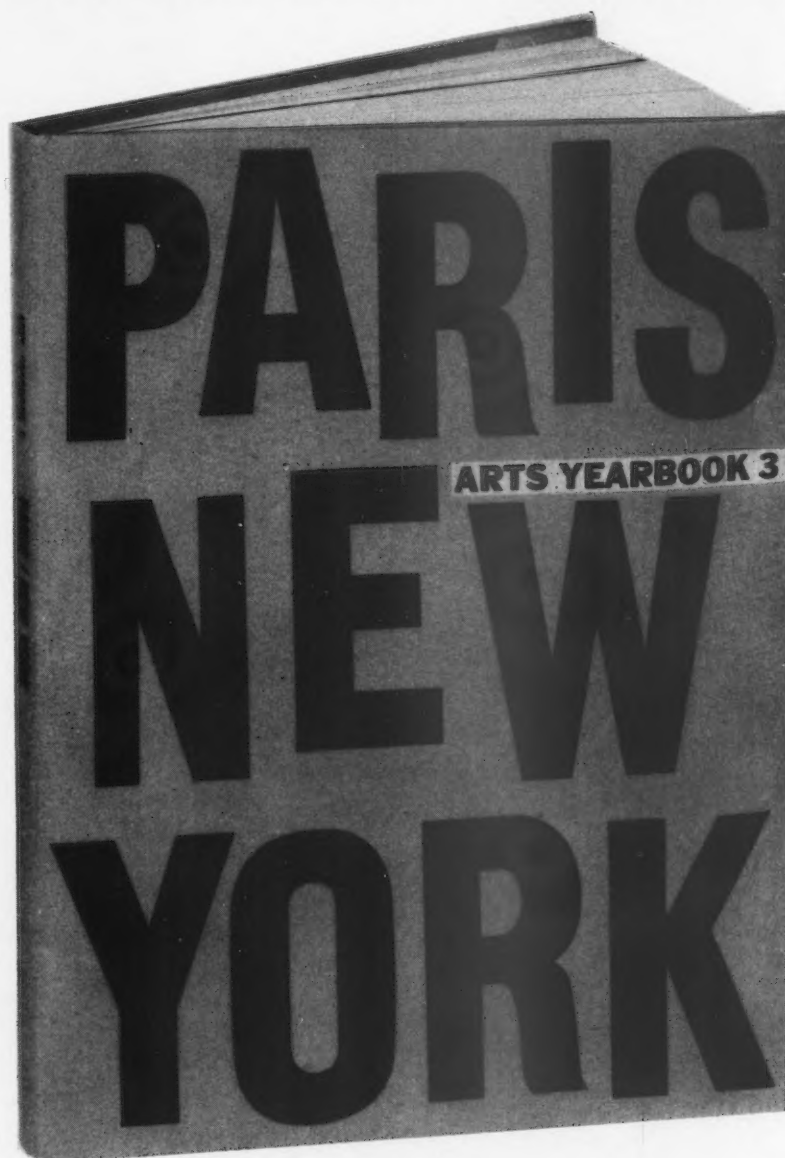
◆ A selection of recent French art criticism. The most significant French writings on art of the past decade are culled for this selection; much of the criticism is here translated for the first time.

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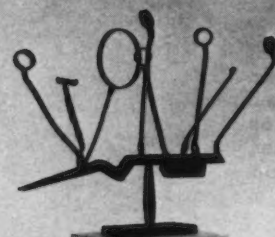
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Contributors

Josephine Herbst is the author of *Nothing Is Sacred*, *Money for Love*, *Somewhere the Tempest Fell* and other novels. Her most recent book is *New Green World*, a biography of John and William Bartram, the American naturalists. Currently she is at work on a personal history and commentary on American writing since the twenties. In the winter of 1957-58 she held a fellowship at the Newberry Library in Chicago for research on this work. Miss Herbst's articles and stories have appeared in many magazines here and abroad during the last three decades.

Alan Bowness is a lecturer in nineteenth-century painting at the Courtauld Institute in London. His writings on art appear from time to time in the *Observer*, the *Spectator* and

other London weeklies.

Vernon Young, a regular contributor, is currently living in Stockholm, Sweden. He has recently been writing on Scandinavian architecture for Swedish publications, and at the same time working on a critical history of the movies. He has written a long essay on Rome which will soon appear in ARTS.

Charmion von Wiegand is well known as an American painter of the geometrical school. She has also written extensively on contemporary art, her most recent essay having appeared in the American Abstract Artists' volume, *The World of Abstract Art*. Miss von Wiegand lives in New York, and recently had an exhibition of her work in Switzerland.

Jerrold Lanes is a free-lance critic of con-

temporary art and letters. His essay on Giacometti appears in *Arts Yearbook 3*.

On the Cover

Goya, *Don Ramon Satue* (1823); collection Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. See Alan Bowness' "The Problem of Romanticism," pages 20-25.

Forthcoming

Lionel Abel writes on Arnold Hauser's important new work, *The Philosophy of Art History*. . . . Hilton Kramer writes on the "Great American Artists Series" about to appear under the imprint of George Braziller, Inc. . . . Alfred Werner is preparing a study of the little-known nineteenth-century painter Monticelli . . .

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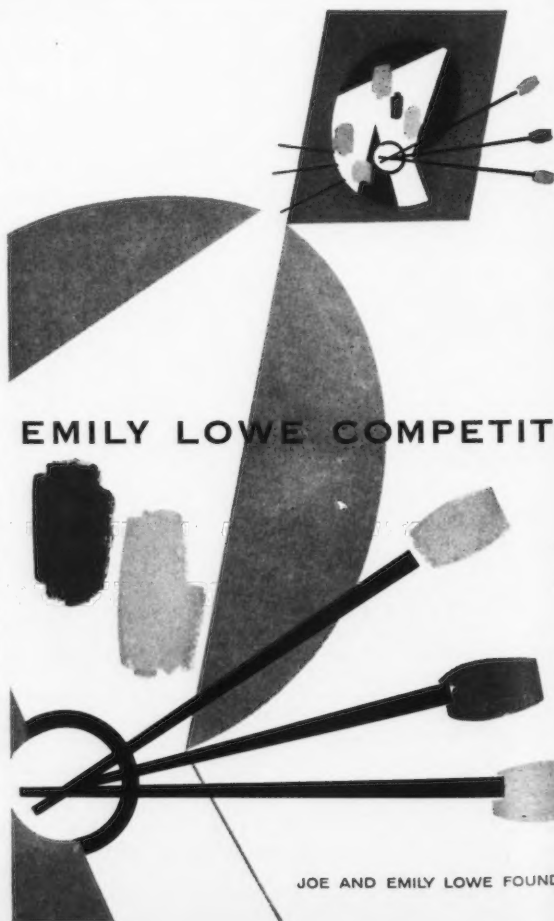
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LETTERS

An Apology to Trajan

To the Editor:

It is with deep gratitude that we write to thank you for your warm and sympathetic article on Trajan presented in the June issue of ARTS.

Trajan had our admiration for his astute knowledge of art. We have long felt that the prevailing fashion in art plagued him in a most unfortunate manner.

It is our belief that his work is a most valid contribution to the nation's art, adding much toward its enrichment.

In behalf of his sincere and intimate friends,

MILTON AVERY
LELAND BELL
OTTO BOTTO
BELA DANKOVSKY
THEODORE FRIED
LOUIS HARRIS
EARL KERKAM
KARL KNATHS
JOE LAIKAUF
MANFRED SCHWARTZ

To the Editor:

Thank you and ARTS for your sincere and moving memorial to Trajan, whom I always thought one of our finest contemporary artists. I benefited so much from my association with him I always felt I was a student of his.

I never will forget how I felt on first entering his studio—feelings you describe very well. I hope that "An Apology to Trajan" is the first step toward a quick appreciation.

HERMAN ROSE
New York City

To the Editor:

It was with regret that I read, in your touching account, of the passing of the artist Trajan . . . He is survived by an indeterminable number of younger artists who believe in the same precepts and ideals.

It may be true that the artists I refer to (of whom I am one) are confused by the manipulations of the art world of today (which meant such tragic neglect for Trajan), but that does not make them less dedicated.

Let me clarify. The "artistic success-seekers" of our "cool" generation would have us believe there is no time for reflection, for concerns with the lessons of the past, for questions of timelessness. They stifle real emotion in favor of the immediate scream of agony. The art of the child and the "act" of painting have gained supreme importance. . . .

But finally the painter must make a choice. He will decide to paint either for success and acceptance or he will struggle to reach the ultimate of understanding between the world and himself—with nothing false tolerated.

SEYMOUR TURIS
New York City

Correction

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading Martica Sawin's review [June] of my exhibition held at the Hartert Gallery, and can only say that I protest to the error.

I never was a "former model" of Picasso. It just so happened that when I visited Picasso in Vallauris in 1954, he asked me to sit for him and in half an hour made a charcoal sketch of me.

As soon as it was finished he showed the sketch to his cook and his son and asked them how they liked it. I felt that their as well as my opinion

of his work was very important to him—in contrast to what some people think, that he does not care.

SOSHANA
Paris, France

Italian Art Reviews

To the Editor:

Your May issue ["Paris"] mentions a Paris exhibition of Italian art reviews, "small publications, modest in format," published in Rome, Turin, Milan and Venice.

I am surprised that the Paris exhibitors omitted the most important, *Le Arti* of Milan, published by Garibaldo Marussi, an art magazine any country can be proud of.

I should like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the notable progress made by your magazine in these past years.

GEORGE BINET
Brimfield, Massachusetts

Request for Information: "The Club"

To the Editor:

I am writing a "personal" history of the early nights at "The Club"—those nights when it existed from spontaneous necessity and was spun out from week to week mostly by the sharp desire of eye, voice and ear of the painters and sculptors.

To recapture those moments of social and aesthetic interaction on 8th Street, I am arranging to tape-record interviews with original charter members, certain of the most active members, various speakers, guests, etc.

I should greatly appreciate hearing from all who are interested enough to contribute (with proper credit, of course) to this book—especially from those who may possess photographs, diaries, journals, notes on the various panels and speakers, or simply a vivid recall of those evenings at "The Club."

E. A. NAVARETTA
300 Riverside Drive
New York 25, N. Y.

Request for Information: Independent Artists

To the Editor:

We are in the process of planning and organizing an exhibition to be held at the Delaware Art Center from January 8 through February 21, 1960, which will be the Fiftieth-Anniversary Exhibition of the Exhibition of Independent Artists which was held at 29-31 West 35th Street, New York, April 1-27, 1910.

We are planning to publish a catalogue which will include complete information about the original exhibition as well as complete biographical information about each of the original 103 exhibitors.

Thus far we have been unable to obtain through the usual sources biographical information about the following exhibitors: Margerite Baird, Florence Howell Barkley, Frances H. Bolton, Ethelbert B. Crawford, H. Daugherty, L. T. Dresser, Margaret Eckerson, Stella Elmendorf, Julius Goetz, Edith Haworth, Sarah K. Hunter, Ruth Jakobi (or Jacobi), Edward J. Keefe, George McKay, Howard McLean, J. A. Paskin, Louise Pope, Dorothy Rice, P. S. Stafford and Harriet W. Titlow.

We will be very appreciative of any help in locating information about these artists.

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AUCTIONS

Rubens' *Adoration* in London

OVERSHADOWED in the auction news of the past few seasons by modern and Impressionist paintings, the old masters recently gave a stunning demonstration that the current rise in art values is not confined to works of the last hundred years. In a sale at Sotheby's in London on June 24, Peter Paul Rubens' *The Adoration of the Magi* brought no less than £275,000, approximately \$770,000. This figure constitutes a world record for a painting sold at public auction, decisively topping the \$616,000 offered at Sotheby's last October for Cézanne's *Garçon au Gilet Rouge*.

The Adoration of the Magi is particularly prized as a Rubens painted entirely by the master's own hand, untouched by pupils or specialist assistants in his atelier. It was executed in 1634 for the high altar in the chapel of the Couvent des Dames Blanches in Louvain, where it remained until the suppression of the religious houses in the Low Countries in 1783. Five years later it was brought to England, and in the early years of the last century it was acquired by an ancestor of Hugh Richard Arthur, Duke of Westminster, who died in 1953. The Rubens and seventeen other of the works figuring in the June 24 auction reportedly were sold by the heirs of the Duke of Westminster in order to meet a portion of the British inheritance taxes due on the estate.

In the same sale El Greco's *The Apostle St. James* brought approximately \$200,000; Claude Lorraine's *The Worship of the Golden Calf*, \$100,000; Albert Cuyp's *A View of Dort*, \$70,000; and Jan van Goyen's *A View of Emmerich*, \$67,000. Each of these bids represents a world record for the particular artist in question.

Parke-Bernet's 1958-59 Season

AN ALL-TIME high of \$10,208,879, exceeding the previous season's total by almost three million dollars, was reached during the past season at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York. This figure combines the sums realized in seventy-three auctions of art and literary property conducted at the firm's galleries from September of 1958 to June of 1959.



Rubens, *The Adoration of the Magi*; at Sotheby's.

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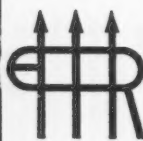
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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



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Dr. Sterling A. Callisen



Gilbert Franklin



John Canaday

Twelve artists have been selected to represent the United States in the fifth São Paulo Bienal (September 21-December 31). Organized by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the U.S. section comprises three parts: a one-man show of works by sculptor **David Smith**, a one-man show for painter **Philip Guston**, and a group of "Ten Painters and Sculptors"—**Sam Francis**, **Helen Frankenthaler**, **Michael Goldberg**, **Reuben Kadish**, **Gabriel Kohn**, **Alfred Leslie**, **Conrad Marca-Relli**, **James Metcalf**, **Joan Mitchell** and **Robert Rauschenberg**. The invitation to organize the U.S. section of the Bienal this year was transmitted to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts through the American Embassy in Brazil, upon the recommendation of the International Council at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Sam Hunter (above) has been appointed acting director and **Merrill C. Rueppel** assistant director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Their appointment comes after the recent resignation of the former director, **Richard S. Davis**. Mr. Hunter, who has served as chief curator at the Institute for more than a year, was previously curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Educated at Williams College before doing research abroad at the University of Florence and the American Academy in Rome, he is the author of twelve books on modern art as well as of numerous articles and exhibition catalogues. Mr. Rueppel, who joined the Institute staff in 1956, has been active in organizing exhibitions and a television series of art programs; he has also lectured extensively.

Dr. Sterling A. Callisen (above) has been elected president of the **Parsons School of Design** in New York. Holding degrees from Princeton and Harvard, Dr. Callisen has been Dean of Education at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the past ten years. Previously he was Dean at Wesleyan University and taught art history at Harvard and at the University of Rochester.

At the 1959 **Boston Arts Festival**, the Grand Prize of \$1,000 was won by **Gilbert Franklin** (above) with his bronze *Beach Venus*. The \$500 First Prize for both painting and sculpture went to **Donald Stollenberg** for his painting of *Shipyard Cranes*. Both artists are associated with the Kanegis Gallery in Boston.

John Canaday (above) has been appointed art editor of *The New York Times*. Assuming his new duties September 1, Mr. Canaday succeeds **Howard Devree**, who is retiring from journalism to devote himself to work on a number of books. Mr. Canaday has directed the Division of Education at the Philadelphia Museum of Art since

1953. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has published his *Metropolitan Seminars in Art* as well as his art monographs.

At the **Butler Institute's** annual midyear show, which closed on August 30, the top prize of \$1,000 went to **William Pachner**, of Woodstock, New York, for his oil *Variation on the Avignon Pietà*, No. 2. Runners-up in the oil division were **Loring W. Coleman** (\$700) and **Paul Wescott** (\$500). In water colors, top prizes went to **Phil Dike** (\$500) and **Lee Chesney** (\$350). Judges in the national competition were **Joseph T. Fraser, Jr.**, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and **E. Spruce**, of the University of Texas. More than \$5,000 was distributed in prizes.

In the 1959 annual exhibition of artists of Los Angeles and vicinity, on view at the **Los Angeles County Museum** until September 6, **Les Biller**, **Linda Levy**, **Jack Hooper**, **Karen Neubert**, **Gerd Koch** and **Willie Suzuki** have each received \$300 prizes in oils. **George P. Baker**, **Peter Voulkos**, **Marcus White** and **Henry Takemoto** each received \$300 for a sculpture. Prizes of \$150 went to **Thomas McFarland** for an intaglio, **Elena Karina-Canavier** for a mixed media and **Mary Zarbano** for a water color. The jury, which awarded \$5,000 in prizes, comprised painter **Elmer Bischoff**, art critic **Kenneth B. Sawyer** and sculptor **David Smith**.

In the Sixty-fifth Annual Exhibition for Western Artists, currently on view at the **Denver Art Museum**, purchase awards have gone to **David Tolerton** of Big Sur, California, for his bronze *Last Song*, **Ray Jensen** of Bellevue, Washington, for his steel *Beach Figures*, and **Gordon Wagner** of Woodland Hills, California, for his oil *Sky Festival*. The show, for which more than a thousand entries were submitted from twenty-three states, was juried by **Lee Malone**, of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts.

Five artists are among the fifty-two winners of 1959 **Opportunity Fellowships**, awarded by the John Hay Whitney Foundation. The artists are **Henry Fujioka**, of Santa Maria, California, **Domingo Izquierdo, Jr.**, and **Samuel Middleton**, both of New York City, **Vincent Smith**, of Brooklyn, and **Harry Tsuchidana**, of Hawaii. The fellowships, ranging usually from \$1,000 to \$3,000, are granted to young men and women who show exceptional promise and who have been prevented by race, background or region of residence from fully developing their potentialities.

Norman B. Boothby, Dean of the Parsons School of Design for the past five years, has been named Dean of the **School of the Art Institute**

of Chicago. He succeeds **Hubert Ropp**, who has retired after serving in the post since 1942.

George J. Lee has been appointed curator of Oriental art at the **Yale University Art Gallery**. A graduate of Harvard, Mr. Lee has served as curator of Oriental art at the Brooklyn Museum since 1949. Previously he was on the staff of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard.

Dr. Alfred Werner resumes his teaching this semester at the School of General Studies, **City College**. He will conduct, on Saturday mornings, a course entitled "Current Art Exhibitions," consisting of field trips through galleries and museums. Dr. Werner will provide an introduction to contemporary American and European painting and sculpture by commenting on the various tendencies illustrated by the works seen. The class will first meet September 26, at 10:30 a.m., in the City College building at 23rd Street and Lexington Avenue.

"Sunrise Semester," WCBS's televised educational series, will present a fine-arts program for the 1959-60 season. **Dr. Jane Costello**, associate professor at New York University, will conduct a survey course extending from prehistoric art to the contemporary masters. The program will be offered three mornings a week.

OBITUARIES

The painter and caricaturist **George Grosz** died of a heart attack on July 6. A United States citizen since 1938, the artist had returned to his native Berlin only three weeks before his death. (See "Editorial," page 13.)

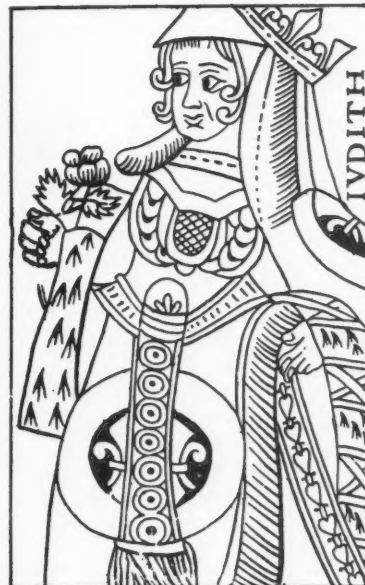
The renowned sculptor **Sir Jacob Epstein** died in London on August 20 at the age of seventy-nine. Born in New York, he had adopted England as his home and was a British citizen. While admired by critics especially for his portrait sculpture, he was best known to the public for his controversial monuments.

The French sculptor **Germaine Richier** died in Montpelier on July 30, at the age of fifty-five. Her name had become familiar throughout the art world for her distinctive bronze figures, eroded and mutilated, wherein the human merges with bird or beast or demon. Her work was exhibited in New York at the Martha Jackson Gallery in 1957. She is also represented in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art.

The connoisseur and international art dealer **Paul Rosenberg** died in Paris on June 29. He was seventy-eight years old. He had established his gallery in Paris in 1920, transferring to New York in 1939. Holding exclusive buying arrangements with Picasso, Braque and Matisse, Mr. Rosenberg was for decades considered virtually the "official dealer" for modern art.

The death of **Henri Pierre Roché**, at the age of seventy-nine, has been reported from Paris. Connoisseur, dealer and collector, he assisted in forming the famous John Quinn collection and is credited with bringing to light, over a span of five decades, artists as diverse as Marie Laurencin and Wols.

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ARTS

September 1959

EDITORIAL

The Death of George Grosz

GEORGE GROSZ died in Germany on July 6 at the age of sixty-six. He had just returned to his native country after twenty-seven years in the United States. In May, on the eve of his departure, he was presented with a gold medal by the American Academy of Arts and Letters in a ceremony which was notable for, among other things, the fact that Grosz, sharing the platform with Aldous Huxley, denounced satire as a trivial form of art. The irony was that the audience, because of a mix-up in the loud-speaker system and Grosz's own deportment on the occasion, took this earnest denunciation as a joke. The scene was, in fact, a little cruel and grotesque. To put it another way, it was in Grosz's early style.

Nobody pretends any longer that Grosz lived up to his early reputation once he established residence in this country as a refugee. The attempts a few years ago to elevate the pathetic efforts of his "American period" to the status of a major art were all addressed to our political sentiments. The truth is that the American atmosphere depressed Grosz's talents. Coming to America saved his life perhaps, but it did not save his art. Once installed in the American milieu, he was curiously divided between commercialism on the one hand and a retrograde dream of "fine art" on the other. He had either lost confidence in the satirical impulse, or he found perhaps that there was no vehicle here which allowed for its full expression. Whatever the cause, George Grosz never succeeded in improving on his earlier achievements in Germany. The crisis which inspired this early work, and which he criticized so boldly, was apparently the only soil in which his talent could flower.

His early work remains without equal in the quality of its sardonic, even cruel wit, its devastating social commentary, and the expressive power by which the wit and social commentary are made memorable. Yet it is true that the genre which Grosz practiced at the height of his powers, in the period of the First World War and the twenties, is not the highest form of art. All his life Grosz was himself haunted

by that fact, and it led him finally, with the official gold medal in hand, to denounce satire with great bitterness.

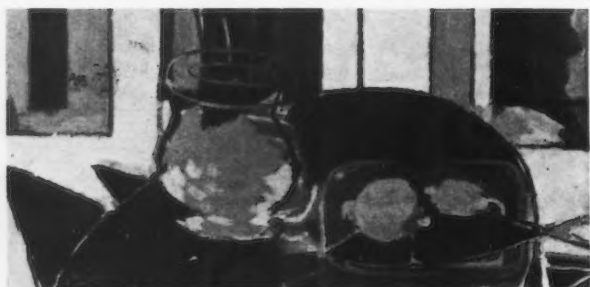
Yet the question persists: Can we really get along without it? It is possible to say, perhaps, that we have gotten along without it for a good many years now. Certainly there is no artist one can point to on the scene today—or in the period since the Second World War—who has wielded the satirical knife with anything like its old force. Saul Steinberg comes closest, but even his most brilliant drawings fail us in this regard. In the end they always turn on the subject of *taste*, and a criticism of taste, rather than the values which inspire it, sooner or later reduces itself to trivialities, revealing a partisanship with what is ostensibly criticized. Other artists with reputations for graphic satire have either, like Ben Shahn, discredited themselves through commercialism or, like Jack Levine, mistakenly inflated their small ideas for heroic, old-master subjects. The graphic artist who is also a social satirist, an honest observer, a partisan of humane values, and who is yet modest enough to sustain his art at something below the highest level of expression and still fierce enough to endow his vision with its own intensity: this kind of artist is now dead. When George Grosz died this summer, he had already been a kind of ghost for years. The genre had been declared obsolete.

Is it too much to suggest that the disappearance of this type of artist from the scene is yet another evidence of the moral conformity of our times? Certainly we have no lack of artists who function at something lower than the highest levels, but none of them would consider it even honorable to undertake the tasks which once made Grosz justly famous. A word—or better still, a shrug—about the thirties is supposed to answer this question. Yet the matter is not so easily disposed of. It is even possible that the absence of an intense, secondary art of this kind today may account for some of the vacuities which are clearly visible at the "highest" levels.

H. K.

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BOOKS

PICASSO: HIS LIFE AND WORK by Roland Penrose. Harper and Brothers. \$6.00.

THIS is a disappointing and generally uninteresting book, although it raises, by its very lack of distinction, some important problems. To speak ill of it is a thankless task: a great deal of work has evidently gone into its preparation, and such as it is, the book offers by far the most complete single account of Picasso's life. The discussion of the artist's work is less satisfactory, but Penrose often writes with grace and always with a kind of humane simplicity. His book is better than works of this sort usually are—the genre is what I object to.

There is no need to say much about the biographical portion of this volume except that, as the subtitle indicates, Penrose presents the "life," not the "man"; there are only a few suggestions as to what Picasso is like (perceptive enough to make one wish for many more), and almost none as to why he is that way. This is a simple chronicle of events, routine in its approach but valuable, particularly for its chronology of Picasso's work.

The critical discussion in this work, like the biography, holds no surprises; but in this realm a simple exposition of received ideas cannot be given the credit due to a straightforward narrative of biographical facts. Penrose has a perspective on his subject, but I feel it is a wrong one; at any rate he seems to have no awareness of what it is. He cannot get outside his views, but his views cannot get inside his subject. He projects a stereotyped image originally formed by the conjunction of ignorance and publicity that characterizes the cultural activities of our age. He seems not to doubt of its truth, and he passes it on to people who will probably not doubt him.

It appears to have been felt, to begin with, that in a popular work of this sort a degree of commonplace was *de mise*. Naturally this leads to some errors of detail ("negro masks express with force the primeval terrors of the jungle"), but its effect is more serious in the cliché-riddled conceptual underpinning, of a remarkable indigence, which Penrose constantly invokes: "although mathematical calculations are absent, there is nothing haphazard about his work"; or, "surfaces that are convincingly real, even though they are not intended to present an immediate resemblance to any given object." Such statements are not merely conventional reflexes of style—the dichotomies and categories they imply are simple-minded and sterile. I think they also betray a real uneasiness in the presence of works of the imagination that comes strangely indeed from one of the founders of the Surrealist group in England. But if it seems hardly credible that Penrose actually thinks in these terms, he uses them to orient his book's whole attitude toward Picasso, as he means his book to orient the reader's attitude.

Thus begins a kind of *complicity* that is so common in popular writing on art. Penrose may have his own views, but the "authoritative" text, condemned to use the frame of reference of the casual reader, has already abdicated its position of eminence, and Penrose, on the defensive, always seems to feel that he must *justify* Picasso. He cites in triumph the "proof" afforded by a certain picture "that a simple artisan was capable of reading the hermetic [!] signs of Cubism at the time it was painted." He acknowledges that the *demoiselles* of Avignon may present an odd appearance; but if you look more closely they "give the lie to statements such as 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' because no human face . . . could ever assume such monstrous proportions, and yet their presence speaks profoundly and truthfully to our sensibility." They may "challenge our former conceptions" (if only the text allowed them to!), but in the end they "widen the horizons

of our enjoyment . . . [Picasso] has never been the enemy of beauty and the champion of the hideous, as some would have us think. He has shown us the diversity of forms in which beauty resides." It is curiously difficult to tell whether the voices of these detractors come from without or within, but no matter, for "even if [people] do not understand [Picasso's] work they are conquered by his personality!"

By this time, we are far beyond conventions of mere style, and even beyond the possibility of doing some serious criticism: the irrepressible *enfant terrible* of collective mythology can begin to play his part. That he has memorized his lines is especially evident when Penrose comes to placing Picasso historically—this artist's role in the history of art is the strongest part of his legend, and it must be particularly hard for a critic not to repeat the judgments that cliché and myth have already handed down. The question is not, of course, whether Picasso is important or good, but how and why he is. One wants a close rethinking of his tradition and his techniques; but Penrose, who has cast his lot with the stereotype, begins with conclusions. For him, Picasso "was willing to sacrifice all former rules and prejudices . . . Former movements of revolt such as Impressionism had been limited to visual problems, but Cubism pursued its enquiry into the very nature of the objective world and its relationship to us . . . Cubism transposes abstract ideas into the plane of the plastic arts." Personally, I doubt that Picasso "sacrificed" the "former rules"; he reinstated the two main implements of the classical tradition, outline drawing and value modeling—which Impressionism, as its influence on the more advanced younger painters of today suggests, was tending away from. It seems to me, also, that all major art movements are about equally susceptible of theoretical interpretations that go beyond "visual problems." Similarly, the Baroque, with its incessant flux, its obsession with masks and metamorphosis, its tendency to dissolve forms and its systematic equivalence of solid and void, is one style that questions "the very nature of the objective world and its relationship to us" at least as radically as does Cubism, an altogether more constructive style, as Penrose often remarks.

THE same haste in conclusion is also to be found in the detail. To take an example, Penrose correctly points out that, in the *Girl with a Mandolin* (1910), the head "is extended by a rectangular shape which can be taken for a frontal surface of the face or a transparent shadow"; but he writes: "That such ambiguity should be tolerated is an outrage to all classical standards of painting." This is one of those typical hyperboles that smack rather more of advertising copy than critical analysis. Cézanne would routinely divide bluish planes by a thin line, so that the blue area functions as both a receding plane of the object and the object's shadow; Delacroix—who, like Cézanne, had studied Titian—is not the only artist of his time to use shadow as a means of fusing the advancing plane of a figure with the empty space about it; and this "ambiguity" is one of the bases of Rembrandt's style. It is of course true that, while the device is not new, Picasso was the first to apply it systematically to the human head, eventually combining an oscillation between the figure and its shadow with the interplay of full-face and profile; but at the point Picasso had reached in 1910, is this so iconoclastic? To me, it seems more like an effort to renew the "classical" tradition, not to break with it but to pick it up and carry it along.

These and similar statements, then, have little to do with the actualities. They perpetuate the kind of inversion that typically distorts the understanding of art in a democratic age: because the public is just discovering art, the initiate must act as though this art were as novel as its discovery by others.

It is worth just mentioning in conclusion that Penrose's failure seriously to examine Picasso's tradition is reflected in his similar failure seriously to evaluate Picasso's development. Just as, for Penrose, everything in Picasso is new, so everything in Picasso is good: Analytical Cubism, Synthetic Cubism, *Guernica*, the *Femmes d'Alger* (or even, biographically, Picasso's life in the Bateau-Lavoir and his life with the ballet)—all are equally triumphs. To approach an artist in this way is to do him a disservice, I think, and it makes any attempt to get at what is really significant in his work hopeless.

I am sorry to be sharply critical, but it is impossible not to be negative about this book. It continues a vulgar and shallow mystification which the historian ought to expose and the critic replace.

Jerrold Lanes

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE by John Pope-Hennessy. Phaidon Publishers and Garden City. \$20.00.

AFTER seventeen identical color picture books on Gauguin, or any other artist, it is nice to remember Phaidon, which reliably puts out books like this. Italian sculpture is passed over by some people on the hasty ground that it is a cliché, yet when you explore it turns out that there are no decent picture books at all. There is also no text that provides an up-to-date report of knowledge and ideas. So this is both a handsome and a helpful book. The plates are choice and exciting, the text well organized—for once something that does "fill a gap."

This, the second of three in a series, is on fifteenth-century sculptors. Since Ghiberti had rightly been included in the first volume with the Gothic, this one is completely dominated by Donatello. The amount of space he gets himself is justified by the factor he constitutes in the art of younger men. However, it is part of the author's method to give a solid page and a picture to quite minor sculptors—not the drudges and assistants, but at least all those who have some token of individuality. That is another difference from popular picture anthologies. The general effect is somewhat like a visit to the Modern Museum to see the permanent collection and a Picasso retrospective.

Such attention to the little talents naturally will have varying success from reader to reader. It is always at least good to get a clean look at them all in case something fine has been missed, and that cleanness is provided by Mr. Pope-Hennessy's beautiful coverage of the most recent work on attribution. His analysis of the later Florentine madonna and portrait specialists individuates them effectively, but still does leave them dull. On the other hand, he is provocative on, of all people, Luca della Robbia, perhaps the greatest victim of clichés among the world's illustrious sculptors. He comes out as a kind of Maillol. The author is equally illuminating about the originality and three-dimensional mobility of Verrocchio, who as he rightly says is always being abused to help show Leonardo's greatness. The real situation instead, as Mr. Pope-Hennessy notices, is that he taught Leonardo quite a lot. Large photographs and sharp writing bring us, finally, a new view of Riccio. His little bronzes are hard to see when one meets them on a low table or in a glass case, and have been dismissed as collector's baubles. But he is the greatest sculptor of his generation, between Donatello and Michelangelo, emotional, witty, articulate.

This volume is less original than the first one. Donatello is after all quite familiar, while in the first book it was necessary for the author to have plowed through sparse and rare publications and almost create a general image of the age from a standing start. Here an attempt to make new general conclusions occasionally betrays the au-

continued on page 17

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continued from page 15

thor into banalities, and even contradictions. "The idealism of late Gothic," offered as a generality on page 7, gives way to "the laborious liberalism of late Gothic" on page 54; it can happen to any of us, but only in attempting to be grandly popular. In specifics, where there is a disagreement with Janson's new book on Donatello, Janson seems to be right. Since he pointed out the recutting, we can hardly speak any more of the "deep visionary eyes" of Donatello's *St. John*, and the attempt to rehabilitate a long-discarded attribution of a clay madonna in the Louvre collapses under the weight of the fine plates. Elsewhere we find compressed into two paragraphs a new proposal that might have got a separate essay in a journal. This is very honorable procedure, since the essay would offer more professional glory, and modesty seems to be the reason for it, since the bibliographies omit studies by Mr. Pope-Hennessy that they should include. Yet reading the two paragraphs, for instance on Matteo de' Pasti in Rimini, serves to show why separate essays have the best of genuine reasons to survive. The two paragraphs are unconvincing, either because the space is too little to prove the point, or because again unlike Janson the author in the midst of his general book had relatively little time to fructify it.

The arrangement of sections is in some ways strange. A sound and literate general essay, not impressionistic, is interspersed with small pictures, more or less showing what is discussed on a nearby page but of course often not. This one element is conventional, but overrated; a reproduction four pages away might as well be in a different section. Then the big plates, by themselves, make a beautiful sequence. Often they are large detail shots of a work seen before as a whole in a small reproduction; that is sensible, since the large detail shows qualities with full vividness, and the small reproduction is adequate to show layout. But it would be clearer to have them side by side; the only advantage of isolating the big plates seems to be that their quantity might sell the bookstore browser. The notes, finally, offer a very tight and thorough cataloguing treatment (history, attributions, collaborations, bibliography, etc.) of only the works by the artist seen in the big plates, hardly mentioning many others. This is unique, halfway between scholars' annotation of an entire body of work and picture books' sketchy captions. Yet it is exactly like many college courses, with thorough presentation of selected works. That does not merely make it useful to teachers and students; the same original good reasons for arranging courses in this way apply here. The bibliographies make very firm remarks about approved and disapproved studies, which are welcome for many reasons—including the check they provide on the author's slant.

The reader of text or catalogue must keep two fingers in the small and large picture sections, and the four units all have different sequences. These mechanical difficulties seem like an experiment, but probably have historical causes. Phaidon, like *Life*, first made a hit with good pictures and then gradually infiltrated more and more interpretive text, in this case to the benefit of scholars' and readers' knowledge. The difficulties are only mechanical, and the substantial criticisms occasional; our welcome for the book's existence is heartfelt.

Creighton Gilbert

CHINESE ART IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY by Michael Sullivan. University of California Press. \$10.00.

CONTEMPORARY Chinese painting is still relatively unfamiliar in the West, and our ignorance is due largely to the lack of material on which

to base any judgment. Museums which are packed with Chinese art from all periods up to the end of the eighteenth century contain little that has been produced since the days of General Gordon, while the exhibitions by Chinese painters which one sees occasionally in Europe and North America are usually the work of expatriates.

Mr. Michael Sullivan's *Chinese Art in the Twentieth Century* will help to fill the gaps in our knowledge. Mr. Sullivan, indeed, gives us a great deal, and for this reason it is perhaps best to begin with the one thing he does not offer. His book is not a critical study, and it contains little in the way of analysis or detailed evaluation of actual paintings. It is almost too narrowly a work of art history, and Mr. Sullivan devotes most of his pages to informing us on the chronological development of art movements in modern China, to introducing us to the principal painters, and to discussing the theoretical background of the radical changes in the attitude of Chinese artists during the past half-century.

As with Mexican art, the socio-historical approach is important in considering modern Chinese painting, since its development is linked extremely closely with the mutations that have so spectacularly changed Asian society as a whole in our age. The first of these was the impact of Western ideas, which led first literature and then painting to attempt assimilation with European techniques and attitudes. The second was the revolutionary movement, nationalist and democratic in its earlier stages and reaching its extremity in Communism.

Such social trends made changes in Chinese painting inevitable, since the traditional modes were linked with a static and aristocratic society; they ceased to have meaning when that society turned toward egalitarianism. And yet, when one looks through the hundred reproductions—four in color and the rest in halftone—with which Mr. Sullivan illustrates his book, it is evident that the new social urges did not have the same profound effect on painting as similar urges had in Mexico a generation before. The spark of revolutionary fire never leaped the gap from politics to painting, and so we look in vain for a Chinese Orozco or even a Chinese Rivera.

Indeed, the main conclusion suggested by the evidence of Mr. Sullivan's illustrations is that within China itself the impact of Western attitudes was not at all fruitful. The native paintings that echo the school of Paris or the school of Moscow have little more vigor than the works of those older painters who, even now, are still working in the traditional manner; from a different point of view, they are just as derivative.

Clearly, Western art has not taken well in Eastern soil. But the reverse process seems to have worked fairly well. Quite a number of Chinese artists abroad have been able to adapt their remembered experience of China and their native styles fairly easily to an alien environment, and the result has been the exceptionally vital work of painters like Tsen Yu-ho, Chung Su-pin, Ch'en Ch'i-kuan and particularly Chao Wu-chi, all of whom are now working outside China. The precise reason for this situation is not immediately obvious, but Mr. Sullivan does provide an enlightening hint when he points out that ever since the days of Sun Yat-sen the social atmosphere within China has demanded a realistic attitude toward the external world, an attitude hostile to the Chinese artistic tradition, while the whole recent tendency of Western painting has been toward some form of either symbolism or abstraction, to both of which an Asian painter can adapt himself with comparative ease.

Chinese Art in the Twentieth Century is marred by occasional minor inaccuracies—Shelley, for instance, never wrote an *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, as Mr. Sullivan suggests on page 24—but it is well worth attention as an informative study of a neglected area in modern painting.

George Woodcock

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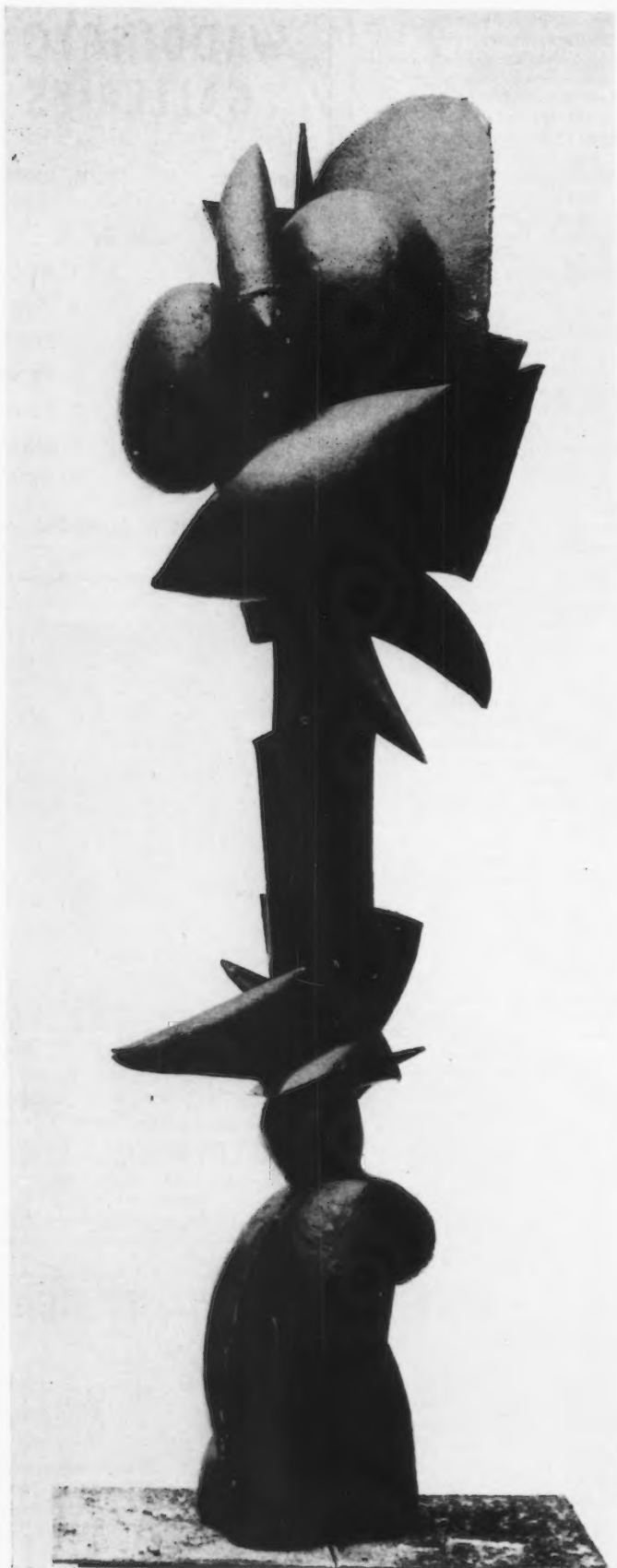
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European Art Today

Robert Müller, *Aronstab* (1958); collection Albert Loeb, Paris. This five-foot iron sculpture figures in "European Art Today," a traveling exhibition which will present work by thirty-five younger artists who are for the most part little known in America. The exhibition was organized by Sam Hunter, acting director at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, where the show will be on view from September 23 to October 25. A year-long tour will take the exhibition to the Los Angeles County Museum, the San Francisco Museum of Art, the North Carolina Museum of Art, the National Gallery of Canada and the Baltimore Museum of Art. Next summer "European Art Today" will be shown in New York at the French and Co. galleries.

New Acquisitions at the Modern

André Masson, *Gérard de Nerval* (1940). Masson's pen-and-ink imaginary portrait of the French Romantic poet is one of forty works in "Drawings, Water Colors, Collages: New Acquisitions," on view at the Museum of Modern Art in New York through October 4. The exhibition—organized by William S. Lieberman, curator of prints and drawings at the Modern—ranges from drawings by Redon through Cubist and Futurist works to contemporary productions of Europe, South America and the United States.

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The Problem of Romanticism

An all-Europe exhibition

in London mirrors the confusions and contradictions that presided over the Romantic period.

BY ALAN BOWNESS

THE Romantic Movement" (at the Tate and Arts Council galleries until September 27) is certainly the most ambitious exhibition that we've seen in London for a very long time. It may not have the number of masterpieces that some of the post-war winter exhibitions at the Royal Academy have had, because—let's face it—Romanticism was first and foremost a literary movement, and did not produce so many great artists. Moreover, the organizers of the exhibition have, very rightly, looked for characteristic Romantic works of art and were ready to admit bad paintings and sculpture if they added something essential to the general picture. The result is a show of exceptional interest, full of surprises and a great stimulus to new thinking about the Romantic period—but in its over-all effect muddled and contradictory to a degree.

Part of the confusion may be explained by the genesis of the exhibition. It is the fifth of a series held under the auspices of the Council of Europe, an organization established in 1949 to promote European unity. The Council is one of those supranational bodies about which everyone is a little hazy-minded. It appears to have no executive powers, but through its consultative assembly, made up of representative members of parliament from fifteen West European countries, it does attempt to influence foreign policy and encourage economic and cultural co-operation among its members. Perhaps the most spectacular of the Council's activities have been its art exhibitions—on themes of Humanism, Mannerism, Rococo and now Romanticism—which are, to quote the catalogue foreword, "designed to show how the great European artistic movements have, in spite of national and religious differences, been interdependent and have helped to form the single culture we now know."

This is a noble sentiment, but with the present exhibition there had to be faced the awkward fact that Romanticism is inevitably associated with a rising tide of nationalism—with wars of national independence, and the new awareness of each country's history and the particular and peculiar qualities that make one people different from another. The broad international outlook of the eighteenth century at its most rational is rejected, and what common ground there is between Romantics of one country and another (e.g., desire for personal freedom, admiration for the hero) is often more of a negative than of a positive kind.

It's hardly surprising then that Romanticism takes on a sharply different form in each of the three countries—England, France and Germany—which it most profoundly affected, and that it changes profoundly in character over the period of almost seventy years (1780-1848) which this exhibition seeks to cover. These are factors—especially the former—which, it seems to me, the organizers of the exhibition have unwisely ignored; or maybe they did not realize when they began how far we are from any general agreement about the nature of

Romanticism and of Romantic art.

It is just a little too easy to explain away contradictions by saying that a tendency to extremes is the chief characteristic of Romanticism, though of course there is some truth in that. I can't help feeling that it should have been made plainer from the outset that there is no such clear-cut thing as the title "The Romantic Movement" implies, and that Romanticism is a very much broader (and vaguer) concept than Rococo or Mannerist. These you can define in terms of a recognizable artistic style, Romantic you can't. Romanticism is not one style, but a dozen—it may be Idealist (David), "*Sturm und Drang*" (Fuseli), Neo-Classical, Neo-Gothic, Neo-Baroque (Delacroix), Realist (Goya, Géricault), Naturalist (Constable), and so on.

Such categorizing, useful though it may be, is of course dangerous. All too often the strait-jacket approach results in a whole series of distortions and falsifications that obscure a real understanding of the period. (I believe this has happened with late-nineteenth-century art, but that is by the way.) The attempt to fit the painting and sculpture of the period 1780-1848 into the Romantic movement is a case in point. If the organizing committee of the London exhibition had narrowed their time span, and had tried impartially to represent every artist and trend of importance during the time limits, then we would be nearer to understanding Romantic art than we are.

UNFORTUNATELY too there was no artistic dictator to impose his conception of Romanticism on the entire exhibition: against this we could have reacted. The selection was in fact in the hands of the national committees, and is quite properly dominated by the French, English and German contributions—but they seem to have been chosen independently, and there is very little sign of any co-ordination at top level. One suspects this because the connections between countries which one expected would be emphasized are underplayed: for example, a key figure like Bonington is poorly represented, and Dyce, the German Nazarenes' English follower, is omitted altogether.

The hanging committee at the Tate Gallery did try to do something to offset this and underline the internationalism. At the Arts Council Gallery (where most of the drawings and water colors are on show) the work is hung according to national school, and within each national school according to type. Fuseli, Runciman, Blake and Martin share a room; there is a magnificent wall of Goya etchings; Nazarene drawings are grouped together; and so on. This is all quite straightforward, and one can grasp at once the distinctive qualities of each school and each artist.

AT THE Tate Gallery, however, the paintings and sculpture are arranged "to show the visitor the various ideas and themes which supplied the Romantic artists with their subject matter," under such headings as Light, the Pastoral, Mountains, "Feel-

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Goya, *Don Ramon Satue* (1823) ; collection Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.

The Problem of Romanticism



Delacroix, *Scenes of the Massacre at Chios* (1822) ; collection the Louvre,

ing," Satire and Horror, Revival of Religious Art, Wild Animals and the Cult of the Exotic, Images of Power, and Heroism and Liberty. The exhibition is introduced by a small section entitled "The Inspiration of the Old Masters," chosen entirely from the point of view of English Romanticism (i.e., it includes Claude and Gaspard Poussin, and a Rubens of precisely the kind that Delacroix would not have liked); it is brought to a close with a "brief comment: The Prolongation of Romantic Art," chosen entirely from the point of view of the French, who apparently regard post-Romantic art as their prerogative.

Of course the result is a hang full of inconsistencies (sometimes quite funny), like Turner's *Destruction of Sodom* and Martin's *Pandemonium* in the religious-revival section. The works were not chosen in the first place with these themes in mind, and most of them don't obviously belong to any one of the chosen categories. Sometimes the unexpected juxtapositions are illuminating—Danby hung with Friedrich, or Dahl with Constable, for example—but more has been lost than gained by this random scattering of an artist's work around the galleries. Pictures are buried, as it were, so that you don't realize they are there at all. (It took me some time to discover Géricault's *Riderless Horse Race* hiding between two very large and very bad German landscapes.) At times too I'm afraid the pictures are killed off as well as buried by the way they are shown—lined up into tidy symmetrical patterns of rectangular shapes on walls painted or draped with colors much too strong for them. The architectural setting of the exhibition is

certainly a brave attempt to do something spectacular to the Tate's galleries, but most of it simply doesn't come off.

TO RETURN to this idea of hanging according to subject matter (which I'm sure you'll say shows how persistent among the English the literary approach to art is). It seems to me that it draws attention away from the crucial problems that confront any consideration of the art of this period—notably the relation to Romanticism of Neo-Classicism and of realistic and naturalistic manners of painting. I've already disclosed that for me Neo-Classicism forms a part of the "Romantic Movement," but this may be only how it looks to English eyes (Flaxman has a much more secure foothold in the London exhibition than has Canova or Thorwaldsen).

Here again different national approaches come to the fore. To the French, Neo-Classicism cannot be Romantic because, to quote from an interesting essay in the catalogue by M. Florisoone, "Romanticism is the new form of the Baroque," and therefore the clash represents the continuing and in French eyes presumably permanent Baroque-Classical dichotomy. But M. Florisoone knows very well, as he admits in his essay, that the overlapping of Classical and Romantic ideas goes so far that the distinction breaks down (Delacroix "was" a convinced Classicist, Ingres "was considered by many to be a repressed Romantic"; Bonaparte, "the Romantic hero, became Emperor and patron of the Neo-Classical style").

Turner, *The Burning of the Houses of Parliament* (1835); collection Cleveland Museum of Art.



The Problem of Romanticism



Rude, *Theseus* (1806); collection the Louvre.



Jovard, *Vallet de Virville* (1838); collection the Louvre.

In German literature Neo-Classicism is a reaction sandwiched between the *Sturm und Drang* and Romanticism proper, and although this tripartite division can't be matched in German painting which only begins with the third phase, it finds a surprising echo in England, where the Fuseli circle forms the *Sturm und Drang*, Flaxman Neo-Classicism, and Samuel Palmer Romanticism of the escapist, other-worldly sort—and Blake is a kind of Goethe-figure straddling all three.

This development in the English art of the period can be easily distinguished from the nature-worshiping Romanticism of the landscape painters. With them, however, the other crucial question arises: that of the relationship between Romanticism and Naturalism and Realism—by which I mean the artistic styles that culminate in the painting of the Impressionists and of Courbet and Daumier respectively. (And Daumier, like Baudelaire, is a post-Romantic figure, whatever the organizers of the exhibition may think.) Some of the most impressive paintings at the Tate—Goya's *Don Ramon Satue*, or Géricault's *Lime Kiln* for example—have what is almost an anti-Romantic quality; others, like the two splendid large Davids (of Bonaparte crossing the St. Bernard, and of Count Potocki) possess "that strange mixture of realism and idealism" which Delacroix found in David.

It is, however, essentially among the landscape painters that this question of how far Romanticism and Realism or Naturalism are compatible presents itself most acutely. In Caspar David Friedrich, who is well represented at the Tate, the drive toward an abstract, often symmetrical, formal design (which can be as exaggerated as his choice of imagery) is so strong that it swamps the naturalistic element as soon as Friedrich begins to work on a more than miniature scale. Other painters, lacking Friedrich's highly individual qualities, could produce sketches of great freshness and truth, but lapsed into pedantic dullness when they worked on a larger scale—Corot and Dahl are cases in point.

Only Constable could produce sketches on a grand scale, and his finished pictures even have qualities of design that the full-size sketches lack, though in their turn they are without the brilliant, sparkling paint work of the light-drenched sketches. At the Tate, where the two *Leaping Horses* and the two *Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows* hang side by side, the distinctive virtues of each type of picture are clear. The Constable

paintings and drawings were carefully chosen to bring out the more Romantic side of his work, and to underplay the objective naturalism. Such a scrupulous distinction doesn't prevail elsewhere, and there are far too many works that cannot be called Romantic because they are either too naturalistic or too much a part of the Realism of the mid-century.

Some sections of the exhibition are indeed swamped by prosaic (and often very bad) early-nineteenth-century German and Italian landscape paintings that have nothing to do with the "Romantic Movement." Admittedly it must have been difficult for the Italians in particular to find painters remotely suitable for an exhibition in which they were no doubt determined to have a share, but someone might have known what was going to happen and damped their enthusiasm. Nor can I believe that Joseph Anton Koch and Carl Rottmann deserve the wall space they are given, especially when some of the ultra-Romantic English painters (notably John Martin) are under-represented.

The complete omission of the Pre-Raphaelites has also caused comment, because comparable movements on the Continent find a place in the exhibition. But one can make good this particular deficiency (if it is one, which I doubt) by walking a few yards into the galleries that house the Tate Gallery's permanent collection. There it's interesting for example to compare Millais's drowning *Ophelia* of 1852 with Préault's bronze relief of 1850 on exactly the same subject. Préault's other large sculpture in the exhibition, the bas-relief fragment *Tuerie* of 1834, is an astonishing work; this and a number of small pieces by Rude, Géricault and Barye make one aware of the great potentialities of French Romantic sculpture that were never developed.

It is exactly this air of frustration that hangs darkly over much of the exhibition—a feeling of the misuse of talents, of wasted opportunities, of careers tantalizingly cut short, of artists crushed by circumstances and a world that seemed to be moving out of man's control. Only the greatest artists—Goya and Delacroix, Constable and Turner—could rise above the contradictions and confusions of the period, which are so well mirrored in the contradictions and confusions of the exhibition itself. They were able to create an art that is personal and self-sufficient and timeless. Of them all it is the one who is most Romantic—Turner—who paints the pictures of light and color and space and of images emerging from chaos—the pictures that are easily the most modern in the exhibition. As Sir Kenneth Clark reminds us in the catalogue introduction, Romanticism is with us still.



David, *Count Potocki* (1781) ; collection Nardowe Museum, Warsaw.



Pablo Picasso, *Classic Head*.

"The Dial" and Modern Art

The Worcester Museum's

exhibition scans the magazine's art collection — and challenges current views of the twenties.

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

IN THE twenties you might have received a card—about the size of a formal invitation to a ball in the nineties—with the image of a debonair Ezra Pound to the left, and, to the right, an inscription:

Ezra Pound, Poet and Scholar,
Translator of the Troubadours,
Knight Errant of Literature,
Defender of Genius in Distress.

Send in this card with a dollar bill
and receive *The Dial* for three months
and know Modern Art as it is.

A visitor to the exhibition called "The Dial and the Dial Collection" at the Worcester Museum (on view from April 30 to September 8) has the rare opportunity of an aesthetic experience, grounded in an historical perspective, which does far more than throw light upon modern art as it was in the days when Scofield Thayer and James Sibley Watson took over the old *Dial* and made it a vigorous new monthly which from 1920 to 1929 printed many of the most brilliant European and American authors and constantly emphasized and illustrated phases of contemporary art. The remarkable assemblage of over two hundred modern paintings, drawings, sculptures and prints, accompanied by a fascinating array of manuscripts and documents of the period, is not an invitation to nostalgic recollection so much as a challenge to the existing banalities which have tended to fix the twenties as little more than the jazz age, the decade of the flapper, the speakeasy, of dissipated youth and a "lost generation." For some of today's youths, the decade has become Scott Fitzgerald or nothing, and he has become a kind of Osiris-God with critics, novelists and playwrights struggling for some part of an anatomy, no longer seen whole.

What has been lost sight of is the passionate intellectual search of a means of attaining to a truly creative attitude to life itself which marked the twenties and stigmatized its artists and writers. So the *Dial* exhibition comes to light now as a kind of rescue project, where you may witness, in the forms of art, a restoration of the lost Atlantis.

The collection of works intended for reproduction in *The Dial*, and which form the basis for the exhibition, represents a personal taste and a personal standard of value, both deeply felt and sincerely believed, which were exercised as an aesthetic measure at all times. Picasso was *The Dial's* favorite painter, and sixteen of his works appear in the exhibition. Its favorite sculptor was Lachaise, but this predilection did not forbid Brancusi, Epstein, Faggi, Lipchitz, Maillol, Nadelman or Mestrovic. Nor did hospitality to Matisse, represented by five paintings including *Nasturtiums* and "The Dance," shut out "new" Americans such as Burchfield, Davis, Demuth, Kuniyoshi, O'Keeffe, Marin, Sheeler, Weber, and Marguerite and William Zorach. Bonnard and Chagall were early enthusiasms of Thayer's, and both are well represented. Other notables from

the French include Braque, Derain, Marie Laurencin, Signac, Vlaminck and Vuillard.

The exhibition reveals not only a number of works never shown before, but an opportunity to evaluate what the creative minds of the *Dial* editors considered important. Everything in the show was done before 1929, and before a number of the artists shown had gained renown. Many of the works of the Expressionists were first brought to American attention by *The Dial*, and Barlach, Kokoschka, Franz Marc and Munch are shown as well as Schiele, Corinth and Klimt.

THE *DIAL* was addressed to readers who tended to be ahead of the traditional *status quo* or in rebellion against it, and to be in a frame of mind to embrace the new. Like the little magazines of the time, it assumed an active, homogeneous body of readers. Pound's criticism of these years assumes a reader who wants to be instructed; Eliot's, a well-read interlocutor in conversation with whom some idea gets clarified. *The Dial* was significant not only for what it was but for what it was not. If you wanted Klee, Miró, Modigliani, Mondrian or Léger you went to *Broom*, the *Little Review* or *Secession*. Any of these magazines might dismiss *The Dial* as "sedate"; there was less gentility in those days and more passion. But a great deal of amiability was afloat, and writers and artists moved easily from one medium to another; E. E. Cummings, first printed in *The Dial*, might appear in *The Liberator*; Hart Crane, simultaneously in *The Dial* and *Little Review*; Boardman Robinson, a graphic artist for the *Masses*, shows up now in the *Dial* show.

A writer was not marked for keeps by Mencken if he appeared in *The Mercury* (this was the day before the *New Yorker* processing had begun), and editors of the most conflicting views exchanged insults and compliments; Mencken and Pound, Pound and Mike Gold of the *New Masses* corresponded. The reader, dehydrated by Mencken of his illusions about the "booboisie," might refresh himself at a number of fountains. There was editor-reader participation which might make noise, confusion, even chaos, but provided also exactly that element of playful ease so stimulating to the arts.

It was the day before the superstructures of the big foundations cast authoritative shadows; the day before the State Department needed to bless cultural exchanges overseas. But I venture to say that the true spirit of internationalism has never been stronger, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that America chose the isolationist path. It was a brilliant period; it was also a singularly stupid age, as T. S. Eliot remarked in *transatlantic*, commenting on the "outburst of artificial nationalities, constituted like artificial genealogies for millionaires." The Great War, as it was called, and the Russian Revolution, had not only shattered forever the world we had known, but had been succeeded on the public level by regimes ap-

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parently committed to the old blunders. For writers and artists, the lack of faith in the powers-that-be required the search to go beyond the illusive appearance of things to a point where a reckless rejection often implied wholesale destruction.

The Paris Surrealists put it this way at the time of Anatole France's death in 1924: "Still another one who lived in the golden age before the War, an age of which we understand nothing. No, our piety remains with those who are dead so young, whose words were not left in their mouths like old lumps of sugar but were snatched from them in blood and foam." The Dadaists had rejected a culture capable of so much wholesale slaughter and chaos in 1916, responding with the eloquent rescue of string and gutter-papers with which to build anew, at the same time that Herman Hesse was undertaking a revision of all the values underlying his earlier work. The repugnance for the dead past was expressed by D. H. Lawrence: "They want me to have form; that means, they want me to have their pernicious, ossiferous, skin-and-grief form, and I won't."

This "I won't" went deeper than repudiation of prevailing art modes, implying revolution in behavior and calling for insights which required the fearless contemplation of a forbid-

den abyss. With so much "I won't" in the air, there was bound to be a strong "I will." The confident painter or writer was motivated by convictions which might lead to absurdities, but to be a possible fool was a risk willingly taken. You may read exercises in the old *transition* which, in a kind of jargon, made collages of words but without the informing power of a Kurt Schwitters. But it was done in a mistaken homage to "the word," that single tool which had to be scraped clean of the pretentious, hypocritical verbiage of the past.

The language experiments of the period, often resulting in successful prose, reflected the earlier transformations among painters, when Picasso had discovered the friction of a permanent surprise, holding hostile colors in equilibrium, or when Matisse reconciled two incompatible reds by a third intermediate tone. The new writers, as the modern painters before them, were abandoning the devices that had bolstered up preceding artists. In Joyce there was all the shock and recoil of an Armory Show. Cézanne had made a synthesis of Gothic planes and Doric art, and, in Eliot's *The Waste Land* and Pound's *Maunderly* (both printed in *The Dial*), older cultures were invoked, in the manner of modern art, not to imitate, but to give authority to what the authors assumed as basic values.

In the twenties, as in no earlier time in this country, the impulse behind modern painting began to be seen in its relationship to modern literature. *The Dial's* role in this process was considerable. Our writers and painters had tended to huddle in separate compartments; we had had no Baudelaire, no Apollinaire. Nor had we had a combination of painter and poet as represented by Munch and Gottfried Benn in the Expressionist movement when Munch sought to paint pictures of the "modern soul-life" and Benn developed a poem with a structure which he called *Orangestil*, that is, a cluster of images about a hidden core. The juxtaposition of the work of a variety of writers like Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams, Thomas Mann, Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings and Yeats with reproductions (in special color plates made by Der Sturm of Berlin and tipped in by hand as frontispieces) of Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard and Chagall, together with the young American painters, created a community for the new idioms and by this combination made us feel not only the internationalism of art but its profound urgency.

While the inner truth of things, which is the artist's real subject, remains the single truth in every age and clime, it speaks a different language or dialect, and this dialect is often incomprehensible or abhorrent to its contemporaries. There were battles to be fought and won in the twenties, and the element that today seems unique is the variety of the protagonists—the generosity displayed, side by side with intransigence. The Surrealists might be intent on the fertile void at the same time that D. H. Lawrence was exploring the irrational in man for the sake of "man-alive." Promoters of the mechanical millennium and of the social millennium had their aesthetic counterparts. For their part, the young editors of *The Dial* were engaged or involved or attracted by the activity of shaping. They were in the business of *Schöpfung*; their aim, "to refine our tastes and heighten our pleasures."

THOUGH the *Dial* policy might appear to imply a strange confusion of aesthetics with ethical qualities, as Daniel Catton Rich, the Museum's director, has pointed out in a reflective introductory article in the catalogue, it also may be the hidden source of its unique distinction, as it is now revealed in the exhibition. You need only enter the Worcester Museum, take in your hand the catalogue, handsomely illustrated and profusely documented, and in the format of the old *Dial* itself, to feel the

Gaston Lachaise, *Standing Woman*.





Henri Matisse, *Goldfish*.

first premonition of the accents about to be heard. Once you begin to look around, what becomes clear is that the exhibition encompasses a foreshortening of a time, an era, and implies more than the art itself. There are aspects that illuminate not only *that* time, but *this* time.

The rooms which hold the main exhibit are at the top of a flight of stairs. The lighting is superb, and it is a glorious sight to come suddenly upon paintings and sculpture in which the human image is allowed artistic discourse, if only now, as if in farewell. The modern temper seems to have shut the door so conclusively on the language the human form may speak, with its intimate meanings that go far beyond the form itself, that to come upon the blazing pinks and whites of Picasso's monumental painting of *Mother and Child* is a joyful surprise, more of a shock than it would have been in the twenties, when the living world of human forms was not held to be so antipathetic to art.

Other paintings, grouped in the same room, recall that earlier phase of Picasso's before he began to preserve the solid structure of Cubism in paintings also depicting women, and when the great joyful reviving of Spanish poetry began, led by Machado, Unamuno and others, who dreamed of a "new blos-

soming time for Spain." Neither the *Mother and Child*, nor the noble *Heroic Head* and *Classic Head* of women, nor the delicate gouache of *Horses at the Watering Place*, in which the naked bodies of men seem indivisible with beasts and sand and water, nor the *Two Nudes and One Draped Figure by the Sea*, Greek-like and serene, appear to be of a fit type to inhabit the world of Eliot's *The Waste Land*. But neither did they belong in Picasso's great commentary on Spain, his later *Guernica*. In this room, devoted to Picasso, whether one looks at a later *Pierrot* or at the *Boy of the Rose Period*, one sees nothing of the Cubist Picasso which *The Dial* deliberately eschewed.

The gallery to the left of the Picassos holds sculptured forms of which those by Lachaise, Thayer's favorite, shine with a burnished, glowing authority that, as Henry McBride, *The Dial's* art critic put it, "had nothing to do with fashion, nothing to do with what is taught in the schools. It represented an ideal. This ideal was not the usual one . . ." The great thighs of *Standing Woman*, the athletic suppleness of a body poised on dancer's feet, the face itself, stern, masterful, inwardly smiling, do not reflect the voluptuous nudes celebrated in the Renaissance as a form of the sublime. Nor does this nude represent the actual fashion in women of the twenties, when the mode was

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Georges Braque, *Standing Figure*.

to be skinny, with close-clipped hair and short skirts. This woman might seem closer to certain Pre-Columbian sculptures than to actual women, or if an ideal, to suggest that ideal which the early feminists, Olive Schreiner and Ellen Key, might have anticipated, rather than the type of woman men prefer. The black sandstone *The Mountain* of Lachaise is also challenging. Who is she? What does she mean? The mountain-woman lies serene in every flexion of the mass that tapers to delicate flipper hands and feet. She might be surveying the world, or have finished creating it; this might be the Seventh Day.

If there is a great deal of Lachaise celebrating female power there is also some fine Maillol, especially his *Ile de France* torso. Mestrovic presents a *Madonna and Child* with a Byzantine opulence; Zorach portrays the same subject with a homely roundness, in which the wood shines with the glow of apples. The tall, stark figure of a bronze *St. Francis*, clothed by Faggi in a garment curiously resembling the bark of a tree, is (but for a portrait by Kenneth Hayes Miller of the leonine head of *Albert P. Ryder*) the sole reminder of the male principle in a room seemingly devoted to the subject of woman.

But how is one to do justice to an exhibition so various, so suggestive of so much more than the eye takes in? If there is only one Cézanne, *The Plate of Apples*, his spirit is omnipresent. It seems to vibrate in Weber's gorgeously painted *Gesture*, in which two massive women, who might be of a period pre-Greek, are realized with something of the power we see in primitive sculpture, but without a trace of archaism or the imposition of a ready-made style, and where the composition of rocks, mountains and forms suggests the structure of a *Sainte Victoire*.

If I appear fixed on works in which the human form is utilized for the transmission of aesthetic meanings, it is because the exhibit is so persistently haunted by this theme. Even the solitary Braque comes from that moment in the twenties when the painter's interest in the human form had revived, and when he was painting large figures holding baskets of fruit. His *Standing Figure* might be a Demeter earth goddess, in earth browns and umbers, where the lyric green tends to emphasize the solidity of a structure. When one comes upon the *Harlequin* of Lipchitz and Brancusi's *Mlle Pogany* (both controversial in the twenties) one realizes the rather timid concession the *Dial* editors were willing to make to the more "advanced" modes of the day. Some paintings, such as those of a later Picasso, make a commentary by their very absence.

Within a certain intentional limitation, the *Dial* exhibition presents a range of style and meaning as they were manifest not only in the earlier years of the twentieth century, but as they prevailed in the twenties. If the misogynist creeps in, mostly through the Germans, as would seem fitting when one remembers Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, this very note strikes exactly the tone to redeem a body of work in time, to interpret that "otherness," as authentic as the bounty of a Bonnard, and which has cut so incisively into the immediacy of our art and literature. Klimt's wonderful drawings of women, dreaming women who seem floating on clouds, with eyes half-closed, with the introspective smile of a Mona Lisa, so different from the daytime smile, take on an "otherness" which is as close to intrinsic meaning as the gamin girls of Schiele with their bony arms, hunched and composed as if for the next blow. If the

Edvard Munch, *Kragero*.



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straight lines employed by Kokoschka refuse all decorative impulse, he could occasionally use curves, if only to implant in the face of a woman, surrounded by a fall of hair upheld by a thrust of arms, some of the fateful resignation that began to mark the living faces of his epoch.

Curiously enough, it is the Americans of the twenties who eschew the human form, whether it be Marin painting the seacoast of Maine or an idealized *Singer Building*, or Marsden Hartley recalling New Mexico in Germany, or Demuth constructing *After Christopher Wren*. Even to O'Keeffe's *Pear* the Americans seem intent on penetrating a formidable externality with a concrete sensibility. But if we turn to Munch, his interpretation of the "modern soul-life" holds the human form and landscape in equilibrium; in *Women on the Shore* fateful human figures are re-enforced by a fateful sea. In his landscape *Kragero*, a great mound of pinkish-white earth, suggesting a vast cocoon, seems to live and breathe with a human quality. But the landscape is no longer a landscape; it is a painting in which the dramatic fixation of broad spots and stripes releases the private world of Munch, just as Cézanne's *Apples* signify Cézanne's universe, or Derain's view of *Camiers* accents the color and form of his individuality.

THE ARTISTS and writers of the twenties who had affirmed their rejection of appearances in terms of a sometimes strident individuality were abruptly brought to a new revision of values by the imperative events of the thirties. With the catastrophic crash of 1929 *The Dial* ceased to exist. Private worlds made way for public events. The rapport between writers and artists in America with their European counterparts had created a

sensitized zone which now committed both to the struggle against the powers of darkness. It was not only modern art in peril, but modern man. The Depression, now so lost to view in the "new prosperity," sought for new alliances in the arts; spelled the end of easel painting and the rise of appreciation of the Mexican artists, Rivera and Orozco, who, in their revolutionary impact, seemed closer to the era in form and content than the once-ascendant European moderns. But it is significant that America never produced the equivalent in form or meaning of a *Guernica* (how could it?), nor in literature, the equal to Malraux's *Man's Fate* or Silone's *Fontamara*. In certain deep ways, America remained in its isolationist groove, impacted within its special privileges; our Depression was less evidence of man's fate than of incidental misfortune.

Since then, revisions have persistently followed. Art and literature appear to have moved to the public domain, precluding the incidental possibility of a Picasso's *Mother and Child*, which today seems to have been informed by residence on some happy isle. The negative views bulge from our civilization as from our art, and atomized artist and writer often seem to seek for the minimal significance in the crannies of the abyss. In writing, our literature seems often drearily preoccupied with itself, as the characters in our fiction are fixed on the insignificance of their insignificance. The period has been shadowed in literature by a few pinnacle names. In modern art the battles have all been won without the victory being clearly defined.

As for the female form so exultant in the *Dial* exhibition, it may still speak to us, if only in the same tone as the archaic torso spoke to Rilke, as he has interpreted it for us in his poem, and where the broken features of the god see us, and inform us of the nature of our perpetual questioning.

Pablo Picasso, *Horses at the Watering Place*.





Gustav Klimt, *Two Reclining Nudes*.

The Vision of Mark Tobey

Featured in a retrospective

at the Seattle Art Museum (to November 1), his work reflects the space ambience of our age.

BY CHARMION VON WIEGAND

TO HOLD the space of the galaxies in the palm of one's hand—this is the feeling one has in looking at the recent paintings of Mark Tobey: small tempera paintings not more than five or six inches long, delicately incised with white lines that breathe an atmosphere of interstellar space.

In his day, Rembrandt's small etchings opened the space of the whole visible world: the earth and sky conceived "naturalistically" in the space of the Copernican world. Much later, drawing on this same tradition, Mondrian in his plus-and-minus drawings (1914-18) transformed its recessive space into plane space, reducing all objects to the mathematical sign. Intuitively he was expressing plastically the new concepts of physics about the structure of the universe, and with this, painting entered the space of the twentieth century.

The concept of space is a basic index to man's experience. It has many facets: physiological, psychological, intellectual and spiritual. It is an expanding awareness of the world ever changing with the growth of human consciousness. It has been noted that in the past, when a culture reaches its climax and the old forms become inadequate to express the new energies released in the arts, the first thing to change is the spatial conception. It is this change which lies at the base of the upheaval of painting tradition and its many contradictory expressions in our time.

Mark Tobey's painting belongs to the space of the twentieth century. Within the last decade, it has added a new dimension to our vision. More naturalistic than the European abstract movement, it stems from the American tradition—from the romantic space of Ryder. But like every creative artist of our time, Tobey has felt the impact of Cubist space, and, most overwhelmingly, the space of Far Eastern art. It is a space of fusion, for it seeks to build a bridge between East and West in this time of world expansion, when the oldest traditions are breaking down and everything moves toward a unified culture.

The far-reaching influence of Tobey's work on artists today lies perhaps in this fact, that his style is rich in associations on many levels. In certain of his works he creates a natural space, but the spectator is moved from the front of the picture (and the vanishing point) to above the earth. This is the world as seen from the air, and it is the air of our own continent—above colors that are richer, darker, more sprawling than the lightly checkered fields of Europe. In an abstract web of line, Tobey gives us the patterns of roads, highways, railroads, industrial installations, the maplike configurations of earth, sea and mountains, the cell-like nucleus of cities, bridges, power lines and radio antennae.

Again above the clouds, he carries us into regions close to the popular fantasies of our day: space men, flying saucers, space rockets and cosmic exploration. He charts the starry reaches of the universe familiar to us from the giant telescope of Palomar. All this is part of the natural space of our century, which the children of our era are born to, and which those born at the turn of the century have had to learn to understand and to accept emotionally and conceptually.

The reflection of the natural space ambience of our age is,

however, only the outer layer of Tobey's work. Built like a nest of Chinese boxes, it continuously opens to reveal another space within. If we peel the naturalistic layer we come to a Cubist space—tower-like figurative structures, which finally give way to an over-all calligraphy. This, in turn, became "white writing," the art of the sign moving rhythmically on the plane, which was followed by the "Meditative Series" (1954) where the sign, now totally abstract, merges into space, woven in extension like a Chinese scroll. Here we enter the metaphysical space of the Sung landscape painters. In the last five years, the work is intensified into "packed planes," one plane superimposed on another—like a series of thin skins, where the rhythmic vitality of never-ending line becomes the nerve center of the plastic image.

In the most recent works, of which two large paintings were shown in Venice in 1958, the eye no longer recedes into space nor does it follow determined images, but many-faceted minute planes rise from seemingly unfathomed depths to a transparent surface plane, where image and space, losing all differentiation, assume the identity of a precise, delicately articulated structure.

THE ART of painting has always been a mediator between matter and spirit, and without the sensuous plastic image—sign, symbol, square, apple or nude—painting evaporates. In his most metaphysical excursions, Tobey's painting remains sensuous, and therefore painting. Yet the conception of matter which it exemplifies is far from the materialistic concepts of the nineteenth century and comes closer to the twentieth-century hypotheses of Einstein and Eddington.

While his primary interest has seemed to be the quest of a unity embracing the inner and outer world, he has not been averse to exploring other sectors of painting, including the more utilitarian and architectural. Recently he completed a mural in oil for the new library at Olympia, state capital of Washington, where it was officially dedicated on June 7 by Governor Rosellini. Last year, together with two other Northwest artists—Kenneth Callahan and Fitzgerald—Tobey accepted a commission to decorate the building. Then in July of 1958 he went to Europe.

It was a moment of world acclaim for his work. He had been chosen as one of the four artists to represent the United States at the Venice Biennale, and at the opening it was announced that his painting had won the Venice International Prize. He was the first American painter to receive this award since it was given to Whistler in 1895.

Shy of ceremonies, Tobey did not arrive in time to receive the honor personally. He contented himself with visiting his favorite spots in Europe—Paris, Chartres, Brussels, Colmar, Munich, the Italian lakes—and finally, like any other tourist, he arrived in Venice, where his exhibition was proving one of the main attractions of the Biennale. Despite the cramped space of the American pavilion (one of his best paintings, a large yellow panel, was hung like the lost Golden Fleece in a closet), his

Mark Tobey.

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The Vision of Mark Tobey

work was acclimated in Venice and seemed like a contemporary extension of that fusion of East and West which makes the city and its art unique. Here it was possible to see the full range of his painting and the great leap in its development in the last ten years.

Tobey rounded off his European stay with a visit to his old haunts in England: London, Devonshire and Cornwall. When he got back to New York late in October, he found letters urging the completion of the Olympia mural before the spring. As yet he had made no designs for the composition, which had the given space of eight by nine feet, imposed by the architectural plan of the library, and was to be executed in oil, a medium which he had not employed for a number of years. Almost immediately he began work on the preliminary cartoons, taking as his subject matter the Pike Place Public Market in Seattle, a recurrent theme in his work of the 1940's. He began with single realistic figures, then with groups in a rhythmical pattern, and finally complete color compositions of the counterpoint of bodies in space, ending with abstract linear designs.

Over one week end, he suddenly discarded all his working studies (in which he seemed to have reviewed his development from figurative to abstract expression) and, working day and night, painted the mural in oil on canvas directly. It consisted

of six large abstract forms, as simplified as the forms of an Arp relief. There was no vestige of the original subject matter. Here Tobey, so often pigeonholed as an intimist, showed himself able to handle a large space, and he did it with restraint, economy of means and a deceptive simplicity.

As an extra dividend, there remain the many studies for the mural, rich in color, complex in structure, works of art complete in themselves. In the mural, as completed, it might be possible to find associations with a Northwest subject: the dominating long diagonal form with a totem pole; its neighboring form, the standing figure of a man; the small white form in the upper left, a soaring bird. But it is, above all, a composition of determined forms in space, where a blue square on the right center acts as the hinge to balance the dynamic plastic movement.

When the mural was finally shipped to its destination it created a tempest in a teapot. Some people felt it was not a "Tobey." One critic termed it a mess of "polliwogs." There were murmurs that the taxpayers' money was being wasted, although the work was wholly financed by private funds. But the critics were in the minority and the mural was accepted and duly installed.

During the winter months of 1958-59, Tobey alternated between making mural studies and a series of small tempera paintings. It may have been in reaction to handling large space that he now made the smallest pictures he had ever done. The reduction of infinite space to microscopic size is a truly Oriental conception.

The ancient manuals of Tantric Yogism lay great stress on exercises of visualization—learning to imagine an object or image in natural size, then enlarged to supersize, and finally reduced to the minute size of a seed. The object of this discipline is to demonstrate to the disciple that time and place, size and shape are merely mental concepts and that all natural phenomena are illusory. By this means, it is said, an awareness of the living essence in all things alike can be attained and truly experienced.

To us these ancient precepts may offer an indication as to why space in painting does not depend on size but on internal relationships. Whatever the reason for Tobey's intuitive shift from large scale to small scale, he was enabled thereby to condense powerful energies into the smallest fragment, and as a result, produce some of his finest work to date. As yet there is no label that can be attached to them, for they have passed beyond the dichotomy of "abstract" or "expressionist."

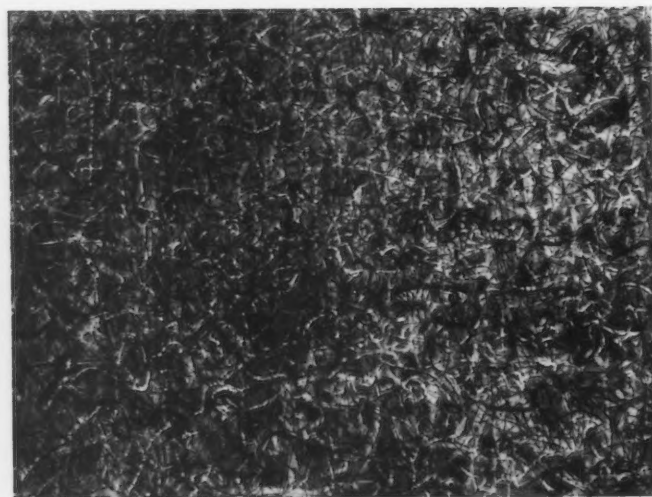
Tobey has never been an abstract artist in the school sense of the word. He has always abstracted from something to arrive at something else. Always he begins with nature, and he departs from her visual appearance in order to search for the secret of her vitality. Like the Tao, his transformation of nature into art is wayward and winding. It ever eludes the straight path of the logical and conceptual and seeks the goal which is essence.

THERE has always been a deep unity running through Tobey's development as an artist, from the beginning to his present work. Nor was it ever unrelated to his life. He spent his childhood at Trempealeau, a Wisconsin town at the headwaters of the Mississippi River, and the memory of that landscape has remained with him and shaped his vision. His contact with nature was early and immediate. If the source of his art was meager, and, like his native river, his course in its beginnings wayward, and his development slow, his passion for art was to groove a deep channel, overcoming all local, provincial and national barriers, in a quest for all that is universal.

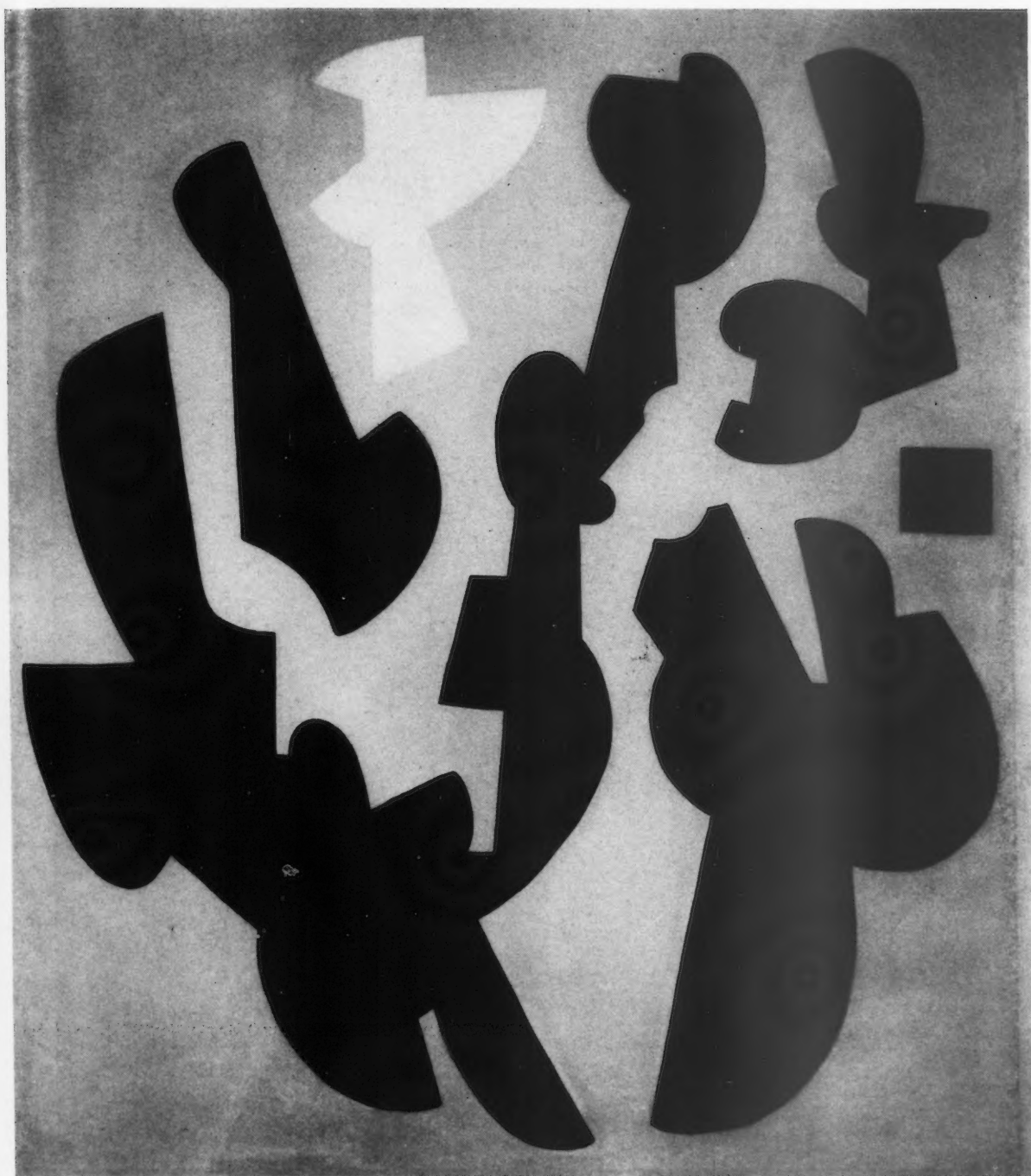
Tobey was born in Centreville, Wisconsin, in 1890; at that time, the saga of westward expansion and the Indian wars was still alive in the memories of the older inhabitants. His paternal



Arena of Civilization (1947);
collection Martha Jackson.



Serpentine (1955);
collection Seattle Art Museum.



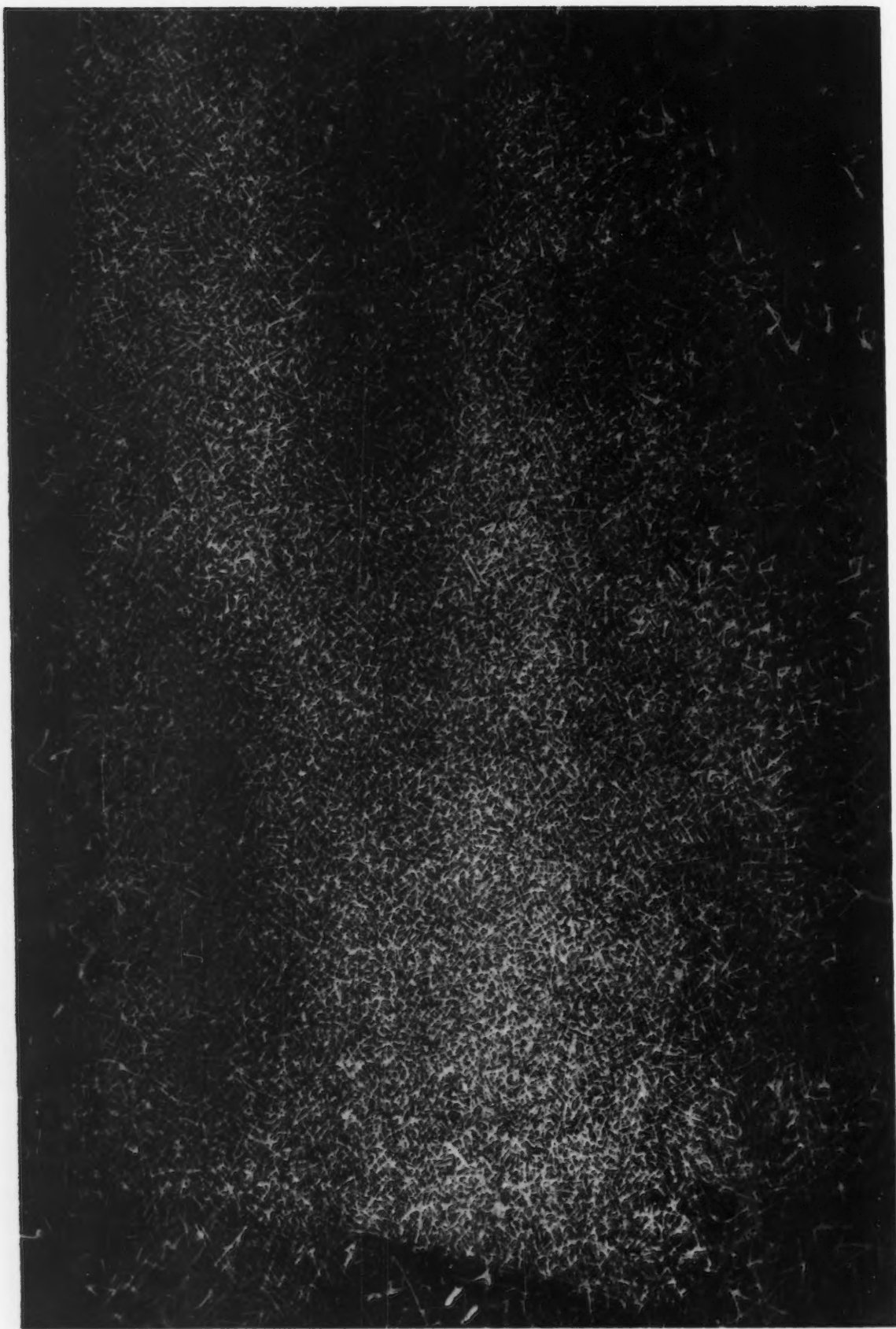
Mural for State Library, Olympia, Washington (1959).

ancestors were Welsh. His father was a house builder, who used to carve little animals for him from the Indian red pipestone; the formative urge toward art was instilled very early. In 1906, the family moved from Trempealeau to Hammond, Indiana. Here Tobey grew up, and his school years were followed by earning a living at uncongenial tasks. His first job was in a steel mill; but early in his high-school career, he went to Chicago, where he got work making fashion drawings for a mail-order house. It was at the Art Institute of Chicago that he saw his first real works of art, and he soon enrolled in a water-color class there, though he could attend only on week ends.

In 1911, he went to New York to find work. In the era before the First World War, New York had begun its metropolitan expansion and was open to all the intellectual and artistic currents from Europe. In 1913 came the Armory Show, which introduced Cubism and Futurism and changed the face of American art.

Tobey decided to give up fashion drawing. He moved to Washington Square and took up portraiture. In 1917 Knoedler and Co. gave him his first exhibition. This included a portrait of Mary Garden, the famous Chicago opera singer, who had become his patron. But patronage is a capricious source of

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From the "Meditative Series" (1954) ; private collection, New York.

income, and there were times when he had to eke out a meager living painting lamp shades and decorative screens.

It was during these formative years that he met friends who introduced him to Bahai, a modern Persian philosophy of universal love and peace, just then becoming known here and later to find many adherents in the United States. For Tobey, at the time, it must have offered a support in the face of a world plunged into the catastrophe of war. But it did more, for it provided a faith that has remained with him down through the years.

In 1922 Tobey went to Seattle for the first time; he was invited to teach at the Cornish School. Here on the Pacific he came in touch with the Orient, and he soon made friends among the Chinese and Japanese of Seattle. He began to study Far Eastern painting, and it was from a Chinese artist that he learned the use of the bamboo brush.

Seattle became his home; he has always returned to it from his wanderings. In those years, his journeys extended as far as Greece, Turkey and the Near East, with excursions to New York, Chicago and Paris. But it was the Northwest, with its great spaces of mountains, sea and forest, its Indian background, and its face turned toward the Orient, which was to exert the greatest spell on his work.

At that time, among American painters, nobody was particularly interested in Far Eastern art. The art world was occupied with quite other concerns—with successive waves of Cubism, "social consciousness," Surrealism, and abstract influences from Europe. Tobey was building a bridge to the East. Unconsciously he was latching on to an old American tradition, which began with the sailing ships of Salem, and in the nineteenth century produced unique personalities in literature like Lafcadio Hearn and Ernest Fenollosa. These pioneers prepared the way for our understanding of Oriental culture and revived it in Japan, which, then under strong Western influences, had abandoned its own art traditions in its schools.

At the end of eight years there came the great depression in the United States. The struggle for economic survival pushed art temporarily to the periphery. Tobey sought for a haven where he could continue painting and teaching. He found it at Dartington Hall, in Devonshire, one of the most progressive schools in England. Here he met Arthur Waley, the great translator of classical Chinese poetry, and a profound scholar in Chinese culture. Here the famous dancer Shankar, with his troupe of Indian dancers, would come for long visits. Here Tobey was close to all the currents of modern art and the aesthetic battles of Paris; and he came in contact with the avant-garde of English painters, then taking their first steps in pure abstract art.

For seven years he remained artist in residence at Dartington Hall. While there he received leave of absence for two years' travel in China and Japan—a study-journey arranged for him by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Elmhirst, who established Dartington Hall. In Shanghai he met his old Seattle teacher, Teng Kwei, with whom he continued to work in Chinese calligraphy. He traveled extensively in China and Japan, delving into the background of Far Eastern culture and philosophy. In Japan he went to live for a time in a Zen monastery, where he acquired his knowledge of the methods of Sumi painting. It took more than twenty years before the instantaneous way of ink painting became known and appreciated among American artists, and it was only in 1957 that Tobey held his first exhibition of Sumi painting in New York.

On his return to England in 1935, Tobey's work underwent profound changes. It was in the year of his return that he painted his first work of "white writing," the beginning of the unique style which was to make him famous. What he received from his Oriental sojourn was not so much the technical pro-

cedures of its tradition or even the given philosophy, but a renewed appreciation of the role of intuition in the creation of art, its emphasis on *value* as opposed to *things*—all those objects which had practically smothered Western art until the Cubists broke them up. Having lived for a time outside of the West, he never rebelled so violently against its past tradition, but came slowly and much later to abstract art, which by then was becoming the dominant trend.

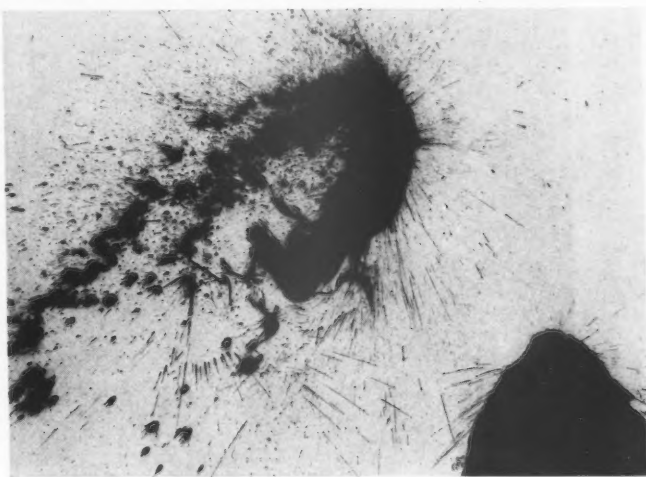
The impending threat of the Second World War brought Tobey home, and in 1939 he was back in Seattle, where he remained throughout the war years.

THE WAR in Europe was to involve the United States and to extend the conflict to the Far East, engulfing the whole world in a cataclysmic struggle, affecting every single individual in no matter what corner of the world. After it was over, it became evident that the closed world of national and individual cultures was breaking down. The destruction was over; the expansive energies, released at times gropingly and blindly, again consciously and formidably, were moving toward a unified world culture. Poised between Asia and Europe, America was to become a focal center of this shift.

All this was not without effect on the arts. The cohesive unity of Western tradition in painting, already undermined by the infiltration of exotic, primitive and scientific elements, was to feel the full impact of world expansion. The oscillation of basic styles and the rebellion of the modern movement are perhaps reminiscent of the post-Alexandrian age, when the Classic ideal met the Asian image, and Greek, Iranian, Indian, Mongolian and Chinese influences fought a bloodless battle in the mixed styles of the Gobi Desert, culminating in the great Buddhist art of the Far East.

In the next two decades, American painting, which had remained relatively provincial, with an avant-garde tied to Europe, was to celebrate its emancipation. Through the war, thousands of Americans came in contact with other cultures, especially Chinese and Japanese culture. The postwar period was characterized by a strong interest in all things Japanese. In turn, Japanese artists were eagerly seeking the art of the West.

Through these years, Tobey continued to work quietly in Seattle. All his previous experience as an artist had condensed into his own unique style, and in the immediate postwar years that style flowered. Hitherto he had been an artist seemingly outside the mainstream of modern painting. Now that the work



Space Ritual, No. 4 (1957);
collection S. Kunstadter, Highland Park, Illinois.

The Vision of Mark Tobey

was born, an audience was also being prepared, not only in America but in Europe and in Japan. The reaction against Cubism and structural art, the advent of Abstract Expressionism, and the contact with the East had prepared the way for an understanding of his work.

Often confused with the Expressionists, Tobey in reality has had nothing to do with action painting, although one may feel his impress in the early work of Pollock, as well as in quite other painters like Morris Graves (who studied with him), Sam Francis and some of the younger generation of French artists—and even such a seemingly unrelated painter as Dubuffet, in his recent work.

Recognition came to Tobey late in life, and it came first from Europe. But in 1951, the Whitney Museum gave him a retrospective exhibition, which had already been shown in San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Seattle. For the first time his work was made available to a large public. In 1954 he spent the winter in New York, where he painted the "Meditative Series," for which all his previous work might be said to have been the preparation.

In the modern European movement, Tobey has affinities with but two painters—Klee and Kandinsky—and then only in specific periods of their work. Klee, given to expressing himself

in line, was equally a passionate devotee of nature's secret paths, and Kandinsky was concerned with the relationships between microscopic and macrocosmic life; but it cannot be said that Tobey was directly influenced by them. Nor did Feininger, who during his last period in New York became his close friend, leave a stamp upon his work.

Nor can it be said that Tobey is an Orientalist, although it was through the Orient that he found himself. He showed himself to be a modern forerunner in perceiving the identity of human experience and the movement of humanity toward unity—and perceiving at the same time the role which culture plays in furthering this goal.

His space is neither Oriental nor Western but a space of fusion, and, while at first glance it seems structureless, it lies close to the hidden geometric structures of organic nature: the delicate network of the nervous system, the aggregates of cellular growth, the determinate meshes of living tissue, the spiral systems of the vegetative (and stellar) world.

In this sense Tobey is a modern realist and his work takes its place in the Western tradition of art: a direct continuation of the original Romantic movement, not in its decadence, but in the high moment of its rebellion against ossified forms and materialistic mechanization, in its rediscovery of nature. Here the point of departure is closer to the English poets—Wordsworth and Shelley—than to the French painters. Tobey's work, in this sense, might be termed a poetic distillation of human and scientific thought of the twentieth century as theirs was of the nineteenth.

WHEN you understand all about the sun and all about the atmosphere and all about the rotation of the earth, you may still miss the radiance of the sunset." This was written not by an artist but by one of the greatest modern mathematicians, Alfred North Whitehead. It is that radiance, derived from our total reality, which Tobey seeks.

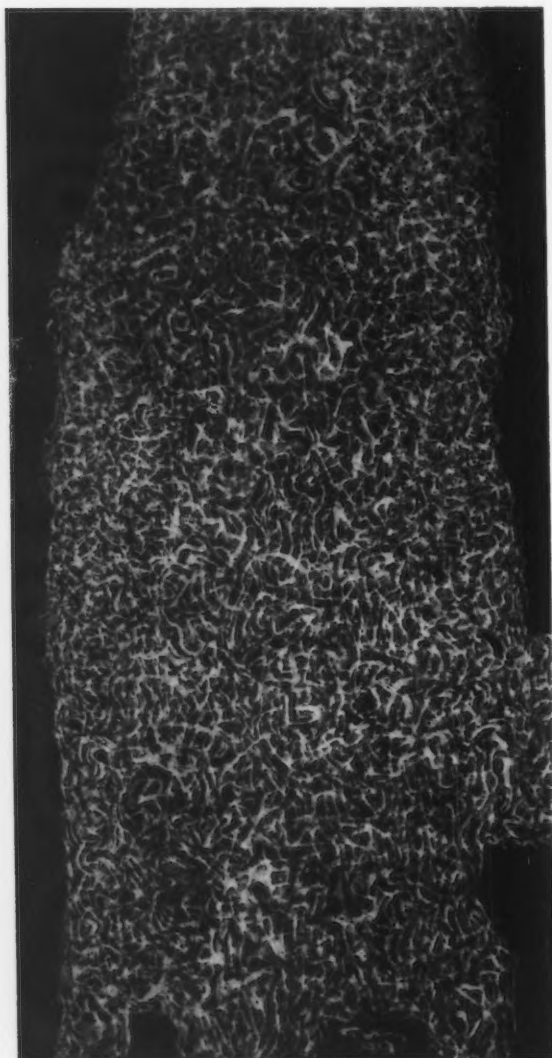
It appears with particular splendor in his small, recent paintings. Very few of them have been publicly shown. They remain in an old portfolio which Tobey carries with him on all his journeys. They form a private autobiography, the record of his travels in the world of men and the world of ideas. They offer a wonderful antidote to an age which has drawn artists into the orbit of the gigantic.

Those made in Europe last year carry a reflection of its environment in their heightened color gamut, and behind the magical web of line emerge the images which gave the artist joy: the jeweled light of the blue windows of Chartres, the green-black mystic night of the Crucifixion of Grünewald, the unruffled peacock blue of Lugano, the great lagoon of Venice, rose and gold in the white light of the Adriatic.

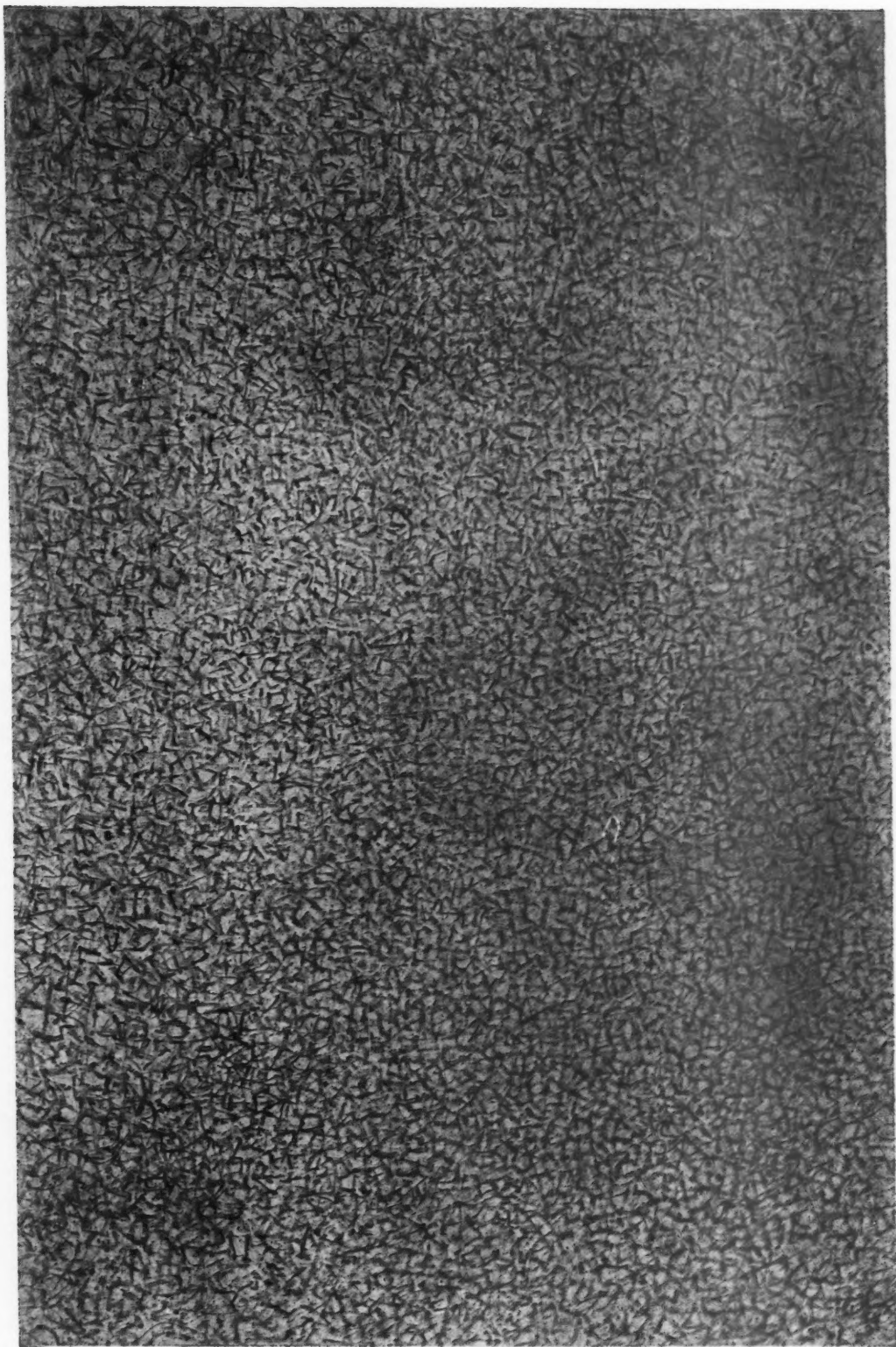
Those made during this winter in his studio move into the inner world of sight, played against the New York lights and the sky above the city's geometric configurations. Among them the pricked tempera paintings are noteworthy; tiny holes have been pierced through the paper, so that when held to the light they open the plane into another space.

Dark, isolated, abstract forms reveal pricked auras of light that quiver in rose, blue and violet waves across the light gray plane. Another small tempera is like a thick and shaggy piece of bark, deep umber brown; the tiny holes bore into the interior of the tree, into the inner space of its dynamic growth—its history in time congealed into space.

This is the dark night of the galactic space, where the stars are like holes cut through a curtain of darkness. Here one may peer through the opaque, impenetrable blackness into myriad voids facing inward on another space: the space of a radiant universe of clear light.



Small Painting (1959).



COURTESY HORIZON MAGAZINE AND WILLARD GALLERY

The Harvest (1959);
private collection.



COLLECTION MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Portrait of Dr. Tietze and His Wife (1909).



Portrait of Franz Hauer;
courtesy Rhode Island School of Design, Providence.



Portrait of Walter Hasenclever;
courtesy Brooklyn Museum.

Kokoschka's Baroque Expressionism

Celebrated in a new book by Hans Maria Wingler, his art presents the special case of a Baroque sensibility expressing itself in a twentieth-century idiom.

BY ALFRED WERNER

LAST year, on revisiting my native Austria, I saw "Oskar Kokoschka" written in large, rhythmically dancing letters all over the face of the land. By this I do not mean that he is yet appreciated there to the extent he ought to be—such appreciation usually comes only long after the artist himself has passed away. Nor did Kokoschka often paint the native scene as did Ruysdael or Hobbema; in fact, of the nearly 150 townscapes and landscapes listed and illustrated in Hans Maria Wingler's impressive catalogue,* fewer than a dozen are views of Vienna, Salzburg, Linz or the Austrian Alps. Nor do I refer to the fact that, after decades of undisguised hostility, the Austrian government at last acknowledges that the "public terror" of 1908 has become, unwillingly perhaps, the best emissary of the country's civilization. For there is something tragicomic in the fact that this very Kokoschka, Czech only in bearing his Prague-born father's Slavic name, who speaks with the broad peasant accent of Lower Austria, has accepted all the honors postwar Austria could bestow upon him, but prefers to live in Switzerland. Apparently neither the Freedom of the City, granted him by Vienna, nor the vast retrospective show given him last summer in the Künstlerhaus there, nor the flattering commissions from the Salzburg Festivals, could make him forget the insults he endured in his years of struggle.

Yet if, borrowing an attitude from his late admirer Thomas Mann, he had declared in his Czechoslovak and subsequently British exile, "Where I am is Austria," he would have said no more than the truth. Of all the Austrian artists of our time grown to manhood before the overthrow of the Hapsburg regime, he more than anyone else represents the "*oesterreichische Mensch*," the "*oesterreichische Idee*," that Austrianship which might be compressed in the term "*Barockgeist*." Austria's

**Oskar Kokoschka: The Work of the Painter*, by Hans Maria Wingler (Galerie Welz, Salzburg, \$25.00), is the first volume of a two-volume set, the second of which will deal with the artist's graphic work. The text, translated from the German by several hands, consists of a brief introduction by Mr. Wingler and three short essays by Kokoschka himself. This is followed by more than 150 large illustrations (some of them in color). The catalogue lists, describes and illustrates, in stamp-sized black-and-white pictures, more than four hundred items, all oils except for a score of sculptures, tapestry designs and sketches for stage settings. There is an extensive bibliography, comprising publications on Kokoschka as well as his own writings. Finally, there is a synchronized summary of biographical data, major works, publications and exhibitions. All material was compiled with great patience and meticulous care, and the pictorial part is of very high quality.

But it is hard to understand why not a single private collector has been identified (except for listing his residence, such as "Vienna" or "New York"). The explanation given by the author ("In response to the generally expressed desire for anonymity, the names of private collectors have not been mentioned") does not seem convincing. When Edith Hoffmann asked collectors for data on their Kokoschkas, very few demanded the privilege of anonymity. Why should the same people who permitted the mention of their names in the Kokoschka book of 1947 refuse it a decade later? Whatever reasons may have prompted the editor (or the publisher) to withhold this vital information, there can be no doubt that these omissions have considerably reduced the scholarly value of an otherwise admirable publication.

Baroque (later than its Italian equivalent) is a phenomenon *sui generis*. Although it originated at a time and place which saw the firmest alliance between Catholicism and Absolutism, its general philosophy is broad enough to shelter a Socialist iconoclast like Kokoschka. It is, basically, nothing but a surprising victory over tendencies that would seem to cancel out each other as well as their victim—these tendencies being fear of death and appetite for life. The synthesis was found in a creed that, without concealing the realization of life's transitory character, makes it possible to carry the burden by transforming life into a play, by transfiguring matter into timeless music: pageant, drama, opera, and, the receptacle of all, architecture.

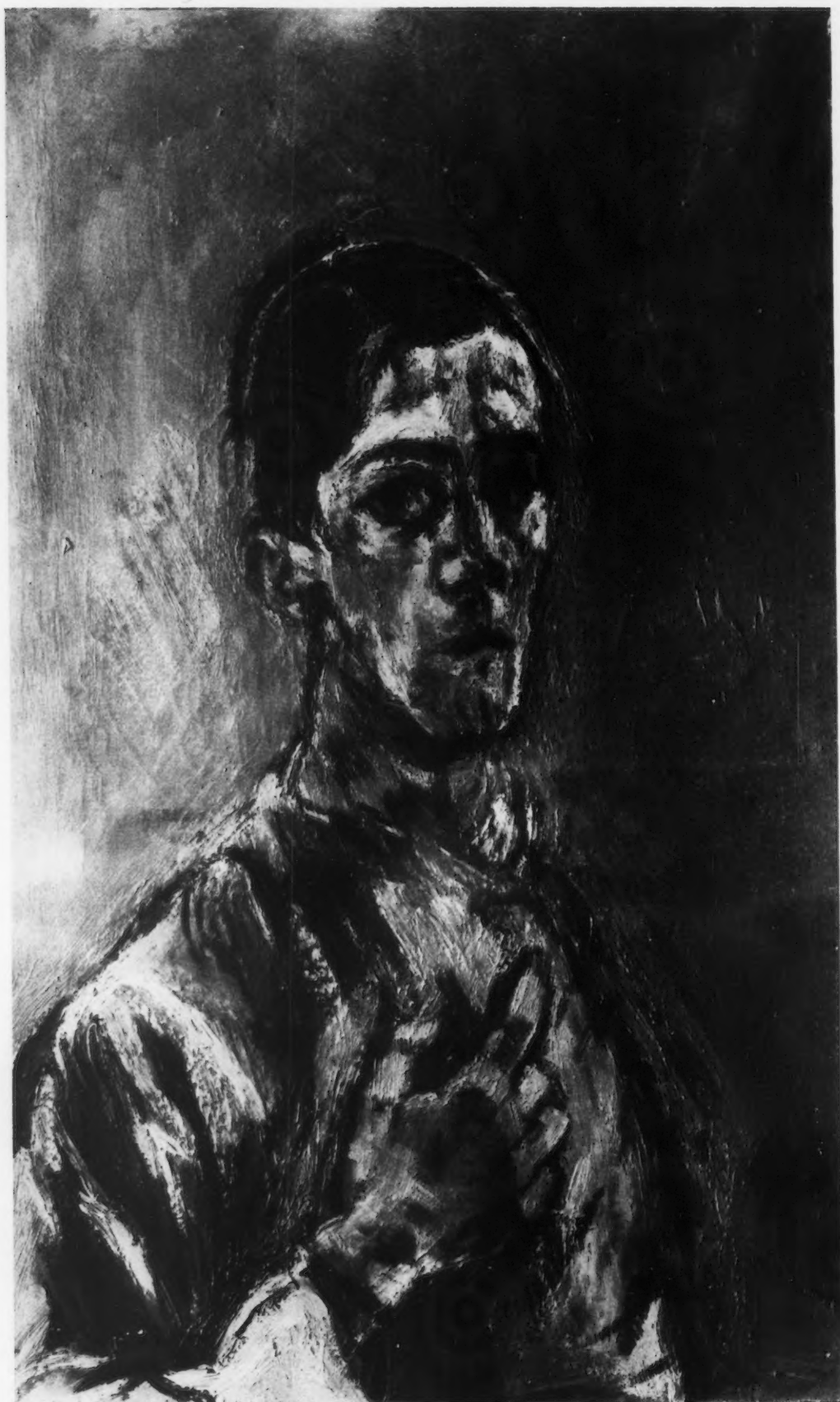
Kokoschka's art is humanist art for man's sake, and this is also what the Benedictine monks desired when they called upon the best available architect (Prandtauer) and the most representative artists to build and embellish, high above the Danube village of Melk, what was to become the noblest and largest monastery in all German lands (Sacheverell Sitwell calls it "one of the wonders of the eighteenth century"). I mention the monastery because Kokoschka must have been impressed by it—his own, inconspicuous town of Poechlarn being only a few miles upstream. "Victory over terror," this huge, sprawling, yellowish building with majestic squat towers might be called, and this is also what Kokoschka's work appears to be: the triumph of vigor, imagination and spiritual fervor over the bourgeois mediocrity that ruled supreme in Austria prior to the catastrophe of 1914.

For Baroque is more than flowing scrolls, florid decoration, mechanized puppet shows and formal gardens, and to Kokoschka at least it meant revolutionary fight rather than the lassitude of repose. The charges of "irregularity" and "capriciousness," of "illogicality" and "lack of structure," that were leveled against Baroque were heard again when Kokoschka's work was reviewed. In his essay on Bohemian Baroque churches, published in *The Burlington Magazine* of November, 1942, the artist, then a refugee in England, noted with grim satisfaction that the term "degenerate" applied to him by the Nazis had also, at one time, been used in arguments against the Baroque.

Kokoschka is frequently included in volumes on German modern art. But it might be more appropriate to see in him the termination of the Baroque spirit rather than to link him—as has often been done in recent years—with the pagan uncouthness of the heavy-handed Heckel or the Nordic Gothicism of the always somber and severe Nolde.* Not Napoleon, not Bismarck, not even Hitler was ever able to put a total end to the Baroque tradition in Austria, if it is understood as a grappling, through visual media, with metaphysical bliss and distress. Curiously, indeed, in the great eighteenth-century church decorators (Gran, Troger, Maulpertsch) one can see aesthetic precursors of Ko-

*It is significant that the Germans made wide use of the hard and harsh woodcut, whereas the Austrian Kokoschka preferred the softness of the lithograph.

Kokoschka's Baroque Expressionism



Portrait of the Painter Pointing to His Breast (1913) ; collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.



Tempest (1914); collection Kunstmuseum, Basel.

koschka; there is the same fullness of dramatic, expressive pathos; the immoderateness and even violence of gesture; the passionate disorder; the dissolution of linear form; and the adaptation (by means of nervous, restless brushwork) of sensuous color, applied in monumental grandeur.

This should not be astonishing. These men who covered the ceilings of Austrian cupolas with weightless figures, gesticulating amidst whirlpools of clouds, lived in a world of tension and exertion not too different from the *fin de siècle* in which Kokoschka came of age. Both worlds were experiencing a breakup of inherited values and forms, of time-honored concepts in religion, science and politics, the difference being only in the speed with which the process of disintegration took place. Unfortunately, among nineteenth-century Austrian artists there was no clairvoyant or prophet like Van Gogh, one who knew that a catastrophe of world-wide magnitude was in the making. For Van Gogh did write in 1886 (the year Kokoschka was born): "One feels instinctively that many things are changing and that everything will change. We are living in the last

quarter of a century which will end again in an enormous revolution . . . We shall certainly not live to see the better times of pure air and the refreshing of the old society after those big storms . . . We are still in the closeness, but the following generations will be able to breathe freely."

Twenty years later, however, a nervous and introverted young man like Kokoschka could not "breathe freely" in the Vienna of apocalyptic frivolity and startling psychoanalytic discovery. If disaster could not be averted, he wondered, could it not be enacted on the stage and thus deprived of its most painful sting—incomprehensibility? In this respect he was not untypical. Perhaps the play-going mania of the Viennese can be explained, in part, by the need for catharsis in a city as exposed to pestilence and invasion, to the influx of new people and new ideas, as was aged and conservative Vienna. Hofmannsthal was another representative Austrian, but, unlike Kokoschka, he was not a rebel. In one of his celebrated verse-plays he made his audiences tolerate the world, as it identified with King, Beauty, Wisdom, Richman, Peasant and Beggar, all of whom, after

Kokoschka's Baroque Expressionism

doubt and rebellion, eventually become ready to accept and act the roles assigned by the Lord.

Kokoschka's counterattack was two-pronged. In a half-dozen plays, loosely composed in a poetic staccato prose, he did rebel, Job-like, assailing a world which pitted man against woman, driving people together and then apart, and offering to the good and noble only pain and despair. Simultaneously, there were the painted portraits and self-portraits, in which tortured color cries out against the maladjustment of man, enmeshed in a mechanized, materialistic civilization. While his plastic gifts are infinitely greater than his literary ones, the "formlessness" that prevails in these early days haunts the painter's work too, not only the unbridled visions of the neophyte that caused nearly every exhibition (like every theater performance) to break up in a riot, but also the creations of the older man, whom one might have expected to become more quiet, less arbitrary, better "adjusted."

He was not an Austrian Fauve, however. What he produced was not the primitive force of a Nolde, nor did it ever come near the self-propelling color birth and burst of Abstract Expressionism. If in Kokoschka's work there is much gesturing of frighteningly expressive hands, wild staring of eyes, the picture remains within the frame, the function is never lost, and

"Art" plays its role as laid down by the heavenly Régisseur. Kokoschka's is a theatrical art in the best sense of the term. Indeed, he should long ago have been given all the stages of the major art centers for his forceful brush—alas, the decorations for the Salzburg Festival's *The Magic Flute* did not come until he was seventy. As a portraitist, Kokoschka is the painter of "actors"; each one of the sitters (his "victims," as he calls them), who include scientists, scholars, writers, musicians and statesmen, is playing a part—grimacing, gesticulating, or just simply "being" in an unforgettably dramatic way.

Never is there anything static about his work; he is clearly related to the creators of great "machines," from Tintoretto to Tiepolo, whose disciples were the gifted decorators of the Danube lands. No proof is needed so far as the huge triptychs on the Prometheus and Thermopylae themes are concerned (the first was painted for a ceiling in a house in London, the second for a public building in Hamburg). But even the townscapes and landscapes seem to have been painted as though to serve as backdrops for theatrical performances.

Here, then, we have a man both modern and antiquated. Modern he may very well be in his unstudied, ferocious application of paint, and in the breadth of his subject matter, but one need only look at any of his pictures, chosen at random, to recog-

View of Florence (1948).





Portrait of Peter Altenberg (1909); private collection.

nize in him the special case of a Baroque sensibility transplanted into our time. Going through Mr. Wingler's book, picture for picture, one almost gets the notion of a desperado singlehandedly battling the forces of the Classical past (the Austrian brand): opposing to the Classical order (solid objects symmetrically arranged) the frenzy of dynamic eruptions as uncontrollable as the ecstasies of Counter Reformation preachers; dissolving static form and confined space by means of a rhythmical movement, leading, with a tempestuous whirl, into a whole imaginary space that tolerates no boundaries. The opalescent colors are of a Baroque richness: reds, deep blues, greens and oranges, and red-golden twilight skies. Baroque is his love of wide spaces (whenever he painted a townscape he took lodgings at the top of a high building so that his eye could sweep over a broad vista). And Baroque, finally, is the close affinity of this dissolving space to the fluidity of music (Bach's oratorios, Handel's operas, Mahler's symphonies, and, among moderns, possibly, Krenek and Hindemith).

HAD he spent his formative years in Paris rather than Vienna, Kokoschka might have had an easier life, for he would not have been alone in his crusade against the forces of reaction. Austria, in the nineteenth century, had had several very gifted painters, but they worked in isolation, often unappreciated, and nearly always without communication with the rebels of Paris. I might mention here Waldmueller, who dared to paint in the open air, in full sunlight, and, for the unorthodoxy of his opinions, was ousted from his teaching position by the Academy. There was Rudolf von Alt, who anticipated Pointillism and, as an octogenarian, headed the Sezession group's revolt against the dry and stilted academic art. There was, in particular, Stephan Romako, who committed suicide a year before Van Gogh; his glowing color was admired by the young Kokoschka, whose excellent biographer, Edith Hoffmann, characterized Romako's quasi-Baroque compositions in terms that might also be applied to his still-living disciple: "His [Romako's] compositions were

dramatic in conception, crowded with figures that swept over the surface like a tempest."

But Romako was soon forgotten, and the one important master to stand, chronologically, between him and Kokoschka, Gustav Klimt, was also too revolutionary for the Viennese: three large paintings of his, symbolizing the faculties, and intended for the University's aula, were withdrawn at the petition of seventy professors (more powerful than the protests of his few supporters who were clamoring, "Let our period have its own art—let art be free!"). Next there came Kokoschka, whose trail-blazing activities, his breakthrough to Expressionism by means of Baroque fervor (rather than Oceanian and African sculpture or Gothic influences), enabled those who came shortly after him, especially Egon Schiele and the now sixty-five-year-old Herbert Boeckl, to pursue their aims with greater plastic freedom.

Significantly, Kokoschka, who was never popular in Austria—despite the support given him, for political rather than aesthetic reasons, we assume, by the Socialist administration of Vienna—is not much appreciated by the generation that has come up since 1945. They did go to his retrospective in the Künstlerhaus last year, but they came out with the realization that with Kokoschka an epoch had come to an end. Baroque, to them, is a philosophy that was moribund by 1918, bankrupt by 1938. It is seething inner chaos, repressed until at last it bursts open and destroys its creatures. It is precious wisdom coupled with inability to formulate a plan of practical action. It is an ominous phthisis, a hectic love of a life already colored by death. It is waltzing into disaster.

Hence the new generation—those born in the twenties, such as Johann Fruhmann, Josef Mikl, Fritz Riedl and Herbert Tasquil, to name just a few—have moved straight into the front trenches of nonobjective art, with an earnestness and a determination that may make Austria, at long last, one of the countries in the vanguard of new plastic expression, completely un-Baroque, severe and austere.* In their total repudiation of Kokoschka and all he stands for they are not entirely fair to one born at a time when not even the Realism of a Courbet or the Impressionism of a Monet had penetrated to the capital of the Hapsburgs. They reject his large allegories as though there were no difference between his performances and the huge canvases the grandiloquent Makart once filled with luscious nudes and festive throngs.

But whereas Makart was a schemer (though an immensely gifted one), Kokoschka is truly obsessed by his visions, in his best as he is in his worst. Americans, free of the historical associations afflicting the young Austrians, are more apt to appreciate without bias what they can view in American public collections—the double portrait of the late art-historian couple Tietze, for instance, the vistas of Dresden, Hamburg, Prague, London and Florence, the portraits of vanished European personalities. When, about a decade ago, he informally taught here at several colleges, his students were overawed by this large, clumsy, not particularly articulate man who somehow managed to formulate his credo, one that is applicable to the work of his fathers, Maulpertsch and Romako, no less than to that of the earnest young men and women who have gone much further than he in the exploration of the painterly universe: "Just be conscious of your heart beat. Each painting is part of your life. It is jealous, it needs all your intensities, all your time, all of you. You must only paint when there is a necessity. We should be on our knees, for it is the soul that handles the brush."

*I cannot agree with Will Grohmann's all too pessimistic view, in *Art since 1945*, that "in Austria [artistic activity] has been stagnant since the departure of Kokoschka."



Hans Richter.

Painter and Cinematographer

Hans Richter's contribution to a double realm, space-art and time-art, is surveyed in a retrospective of four decades.

BY VERNON YOUNG

THE contribution of Hans Richter to the visual arts since 1921 has until lately received scant acknowledgment outside special areas of discussion. A retrospective exhibition of Richter's paintings is now traveling Europe, accompanied by the motion pictures (short as well as feature-length) he has made over approximately the same span of time—1921-57—enabling the viewer to experience the space-art and the time-art, as it were, within referential neighborhood of each other. There is no question in the mind of this observer that the value of the films (especially those made in Germany during the twenties and thirties) is enhanced by the collaborative motifs of the paintings, and that the paintings themselves acquire heightened significance in this association.

On their own, the paintings are less persuasive. The impulses and reformations of modern art have moved with unfaltering swiftness. Richter has been patiently working out his own evolution as a painter in terms he predicated for himself over thirty years ago, dividing his energy between this evolution and his involvement with the more complicated (because public) business of directing, producing, teaching and writing about films. Meanwhile abstract art has come to mean something much broader, certainly less categorical, than it did when the consequences of Cubism comprised, for Richter and many of his contemporaries, the burning question of the hour. Since over a hundred of Richter's paintings from the thirties and earlier were confiscated or "lost" by the Nazis, the current selection is by no means a

definitive record on which to essay an evaluation. However, it is no doubt sufficiently representative, taken in conjunction with the films, to underline Richter's personal achievement within the universally expressed subject of *motion* in the arts of our time. The fascination of this exhibit (the films and the pictures) lies in its vivid evidence of the persistence with which one artist addressed the urgent (for him) problem of separating out the conflicting claims of design-and-movement spatially exhibited (i.e., on a two-dimensional canvas) and these same properties expressed in flux (i.e., serially on a film strip).

To appreciate the urgency of this reconciliation—since, when a "solution" has been arrived at, one quickly takes for granted the historical struggles implied—it is necessary to remind ourselves of the various crises which overtook painters in the years between Cézanne's fame and the end of World War I. They felt themselves irresistibly compelled, by accelerations taking place everywhere in the art world and by the phenomena of motion and structure which a scientific civilization was imposing on their knowledge and on their senses, to express in painting the multiple inferences of this condition—and to express them ever more abstractly, with diminishing respect for any vestige of objective "appearance" whatever. This is not the place to reiterate what any textbook on the subject now adequately summarizes, but I do want to outline here the intersecting paths of cinematography and painting which are generally assumed but as yet incompletely documented and interpreted.

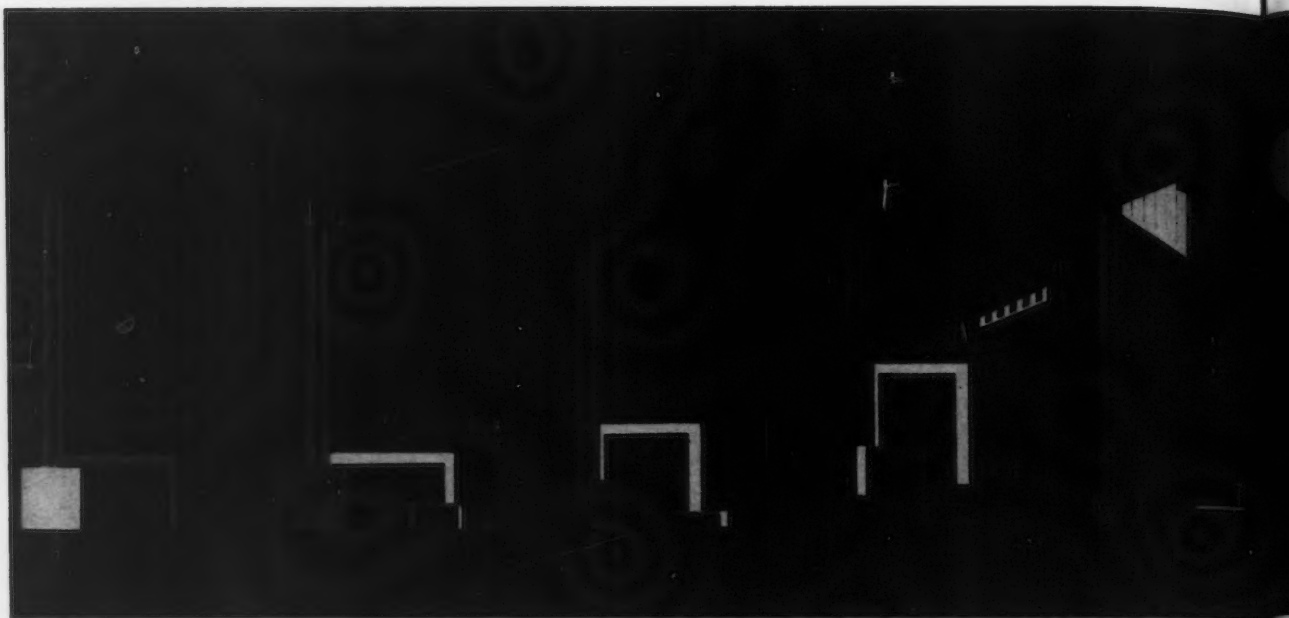
FOR painters in the first two decades of our century who strove to discover visual equivalents (even beyond the radical interpretations of a world-in-motion of the Futurists)—equivalents of the rhythms, the fields of force, the molecular structures, the trajectories, all of which they "felt" rather than "knew" as the revolutionary impulses of our age—there was no graphic precedent outside of descriptive geometry and the charts of the industrial laboratory. Still-photography and cinematography, insofar as their products were made known, had registered only the explicit phenomena of movement, either arrested or transpiring—in any case pictorial and more-or-less realistic. The chief acknowledged instance of photography influencing painting, in any but the banal sense, was the variation of the witness point (the medium and distant action within the same frame, the close-up figure with receding background, the tilted or overhead view) which, coincidentally with the Japanese woodblock print, was exploited notably by Degas. Cubism's effort to interfuse various faces of an object, to overlap and "ghost" the planes, has never with any certainty been related to the area of double exposure in photography—it seems rather to have been an independent and special application of Cézanne's breaking up of the surface planes—but nonetheless it is a commonplace to observe that it "anticipated" certain effects of the *motion* picture.

As for the host of analogies with cinematic procedures available in the painting as well as in the literature of the time, it seems probable to me that they were a parallel rather than a dependent phenomenon. Long before the cinema had made its most decisive advances, not only in the techniques of dynamic succession and juxtaposition of images in a narrative, but also in the art of oblique composition within the separate frames, painters had intuited and mastered, on the surface of a single canvas, many of the principal implications of the cinematic view. It is difficult in some cases—such as the asymmetrical drama of Munch, the "close-ups" of Nolde, the distorted cityscapes, seen from unusual perspectives, of Kirchner—to attribute the description "cinematic" rather than simply "theatrical." With the Futurists, however, the attribution is inevitable. If the separate "cinematographic instants" named by Bergson were



Filmstudie (1926).

Painter and Cinematographer



Fugue (1923).

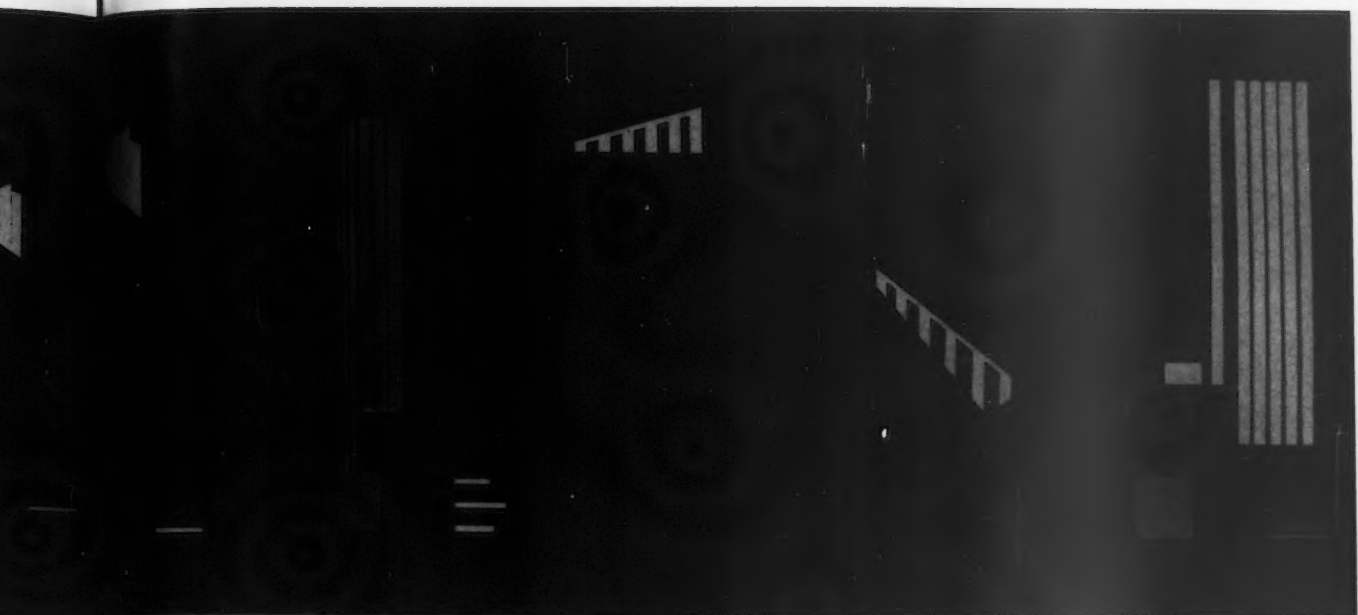
studied by the Italians who devised Futurism we have no record of the influence; one can only acknowledge that their presentiments and their plastically achieved syntheses were remarkable.

Before World War I the motion picture offered but crude promises of the complex visual experiences its virtuosity would later reveal. The compenetration of images in a *dissolve*, the multiple-exposure technique employed for psychological purposes, the calculated retarding or speeding up of natural movements, the variable and fluid camera positions—except in peripheral areas of film-making, these and other innovations were securely incorporated only after 1923, by German and Russian artists of the film (and by one isolated Frenchman, Jean Epstein). This conquest thus took place over a decade later than the kaleidoscopic integration of multiform phases in natural movement depicted by Severini, Balla and Boccioni, to say nothing of those mobile architectural transparencies superbly visualized by Lyonel Feininger.

Thereafter the painters' fundamental problem of representing movement in the objectively perceived world was pre-empted. The drive to re-enact motion at the perceptual level was a stage in the more far-reaching quest to abolish external (naturalistic) metaphor. The objective was to elicit something deeper down, farther out, some conceptual transfiguration which would dispense with terrestrial imagery altogether and penetrate to a region where painting could discover symbolic forms as abstract and as direct as those of music—and from them reconstruct, plastically and intuitively, what Franz Marc had boldly announced as "the underlying mystical design of the visible world." But the abstractionists with whom Richter had most in common during and immediately following the war were not so romantically dedicated. Despite their occasionally metaphysical dicta, their touchstone was the science of mathematics, their ambition coherent to the point of absolutism. Facing what they considered an irreducible legacy of forms left to them after the swift dismantling of Cézanne's cubes, cylinders and cones by Picasso and Braque, eminently, they looked for a "new order" in the purism of geometry.

Richter himself was never so fanatically concentrated on this search as were the Russian Constructivists and the De Stijl painters of Holland, yet initially he shared their belief in abstract design as a reconstructive process and as a key to universal communication. After his preliminary exposures to modern art by way of the Blaue Reiter and the Herbstsalon (1912-13) and through Cubism in 1914—as a result of which he painted motifs drawn exclusively from music and industry, in Expressionist and Cubist manners—he moved in the opposite direction, away from the structural impressionism of pandemic movement rendered by the Futurists as well as from the planetary chaos of arabesques wherein Kandinsky created Abstract Expressionism. In his subsequent film work, Richter was often a lyrical fantasist, but between 1917 and 1923, roughly, he was preoccupied with orchestration of form, with "opening up the elementary relationships of line and surfaces," with the problems of kinetic sequences and, above all, with the desire "to make the invisible visible and to move it." The italics are mine; they accentuate the purpose which differentiated Richter's quest from that of other formal abstractionists who were scarcely concerned with imperatives of movement.

In 1919, when for a year or more Richter and a young Dane, Viking Eggeling, had been experimenting with their moving visibilities on the obdurate surfaces of rectangular canvases, Richter painted his first scroll. "The scroll," he has since explained, "gives a time sensation which cannot be given [adequately] either by film or by easel painting." But the film strip had not yet presented itself as an optional possibility to Richter, in 1919. *Preludio* was the form in which he first made graphic his necessity for animating an abstract-design unit by complicating its elements in a series, which thus gave the eye an experience of a cumulative form moving *across* space, in the manner of, say, an historical frieze or a Chinese narrative scroll—with the difference that Richter's figures were nonobjective. They constituted pure gesture, even less paraphrasable than a chain of characters in Chinese script would have been. They were not symbolic; they were merely expressive. The *Fugue in*



Red and Green, of 1923, was more directly effective, for its color intervals assisted the directional play of the horizontal progression; but between these dates the indisputable solution had presented itself—motion-picture film.

In an effort to animate the compositional elements with which they had been experimenting, and which seemed to both Richter and Eggeling to demand *autonomous* motion, Eggeling had devised rubber mats on which he had sealed experimental sketches. When the mats were stretched, either horizontally or vertically, the figures in the composition were “animated.” Eggeling’s device was a playful substitute for the process which then occurred to Richter in a flash of recognition—the manipulation of the designs on motion-picture film. As we look backward, this may not seem to have been a radical step (since the cinema, arising from experiments in the recording of motion around 1870, had by the twenties virtually defined the sum of its technical possibilities—and the animated cartoon had been achieved in 1909 by Emil Kohl). But it should be recalled that movie art, however fanciful some of its instances had been, whatever combinations it had invented for effects of magic or “Surrealism,” was still exclusively a *representational* or “figurative” art. To represent *design in motion*, as an unqualified and self-sufficient attraction, was unheard of, unthought of, and could be regarded only as a useless possibility. But Eggeling and Richter were enthralled by its potentialities and proceeded with their first experiments in the field. Richter understood more readily than Eggeling that the propulsion of abstract motifs on a celluloid strip, to be aesthetically interesting, would involve more than the simple passage of forms in succession. Film is a time-art employing space units which must have rhythm and formal variety if sheer monotony is to be avoided. Without a “story” or recognizable tableaux in action, the problem was to put elementary shapes into action which would create its own unique appeal. At this stage, such action was inevitably primal. Richter added the rectangle to Eggeling’s square (in photographed cut-outs), and with these counters he augmented their new alphabet of motion. By varying the distance of the projected shape (and

therefore its size), introducing another shape into the frame, playing these off against each other, fusing them, altering their proportions, splitting them, and so on, an elementary dance of geometrical abstractions was performed. Today Eggeling’s *Diagonal Symphony* and Richter’s *Rhythm '21* seem pristine indeed, but from these two films there were developed, one might say, all the variations of the genre, including the numerous melodic abstractions of Oskar Fischinger and the latest ingenuity of Len Lye or Norman McLaren.

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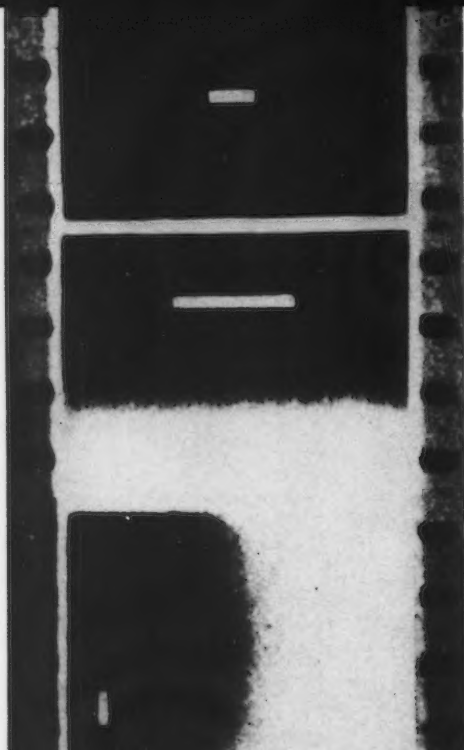
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of *Prague* and many others, now intersected Richter's interest in the nonobjective film. And about this time the Russian movie, symphonic in its sweep, percussive in its treatment, invaded the consciousness and the practice of German film-makers. To the German taste for chiaroscuro and the mobile camera, for social pessimism and for metaphysical horror stories, the Russians contributed a more disciplined and more dynamic method of narrative based on montage, wherein the cutting rate (i. e., the relative duration of each image in the over-all sequence) is a prime mover of the film's total rhythm—a method founded empirically, in a limited manner, by the Dane August Blom in 1913, and consummately by Griffith in his 1915-16 epics.

Richter had less interest in the Gothic mannerisms of the German film than in the "shock cutting" of the Russians. Eisenstein and Pudovkin. What makes his short films of this period memorable is his brilliant, and usually humorous, compounding of Expressionist fantasy with documentary observation, while his absorption in the meticulous details of abstract design had schooled him for the precision which is everywhere evident in them. *Inflation* and *Ghosts before Breakfast* (1927-28) are each a classic example, in different ways, of cinematic economy of statement, composed with a musical sense of thematic develop-

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Painter and Cinematographer



Ghosts before Breakfast (1927-28).

Fugue (1958).

of *Prague* and many others, now intersected Richter's interest in the nonobjective film. And about this time the Russian movie, symphonic in its sweep, percussive in its treatment, invaded the consciousness and the practice of German film-makers. To the German taste for chiaroscuro and the mobile camera, for social pessimism and for metaphysical horror stories, the Russians contributed a more disciplined and more dynamic method of narrative based on montage, wherein the cutting rate (i. e., the relative duration of each image in the over-all sequence) is a prime mover of the film's total rhythm—a method founded empirically, in a limited manner, by the Dane August Blom in 1913, and consummately by Griffith in his 1915-16 epics.

Richter had less interest in the Gothic mannerisms of the German film than in the "shock cutting" of the Russians. Eisenstein and Pudovkin. What makes his short films of this period memorable is his brilliant, and usually humorous, compounding of Expressionist fantasy with documentary observation, while his absorption in the meticulous details of abstract design had schooled him for the precision which is everywhere evident in them. *Inflation* and *Ghosts before Breakfast* (1927-28) are each a classic example, in different ways, of cinematic economy of statement, composed with a musical sense of thematic development and counterpoint. *Inflation* is a telling but lightly handled critique of finance capitalism, governed rhythmically by the crescendo and decrescendo of the madly fluctuating currency values, for which Richter utilized a delirious visual speed-up of such counters as bank notes, coins, automobiles, houses and so forth, intercut with newspaper headlines and haggard human faces. The film was produced for UFA as introduction to a commercial feature, thereby confirming a wider recognition of the motion picture, conceived aesthetically, as a vehicle of social ideas. *Ghosts before Breakfast* was of quite another order—sheer exuberant play, in which customarily inanimate, dependent objects (hats and ties, cups and plates, a fire hose) abruptly rebel against passivity and go on a rampage. Time itself revolts, in the form of an unnerving clock with insanely accelerating hands. This disturbing fantasia, seen today, is quite as hilarious as ever, and belongs among the short classics of the silent experimental cinema, in the succession established by René Clair and Picabia's *Entr'acte*.

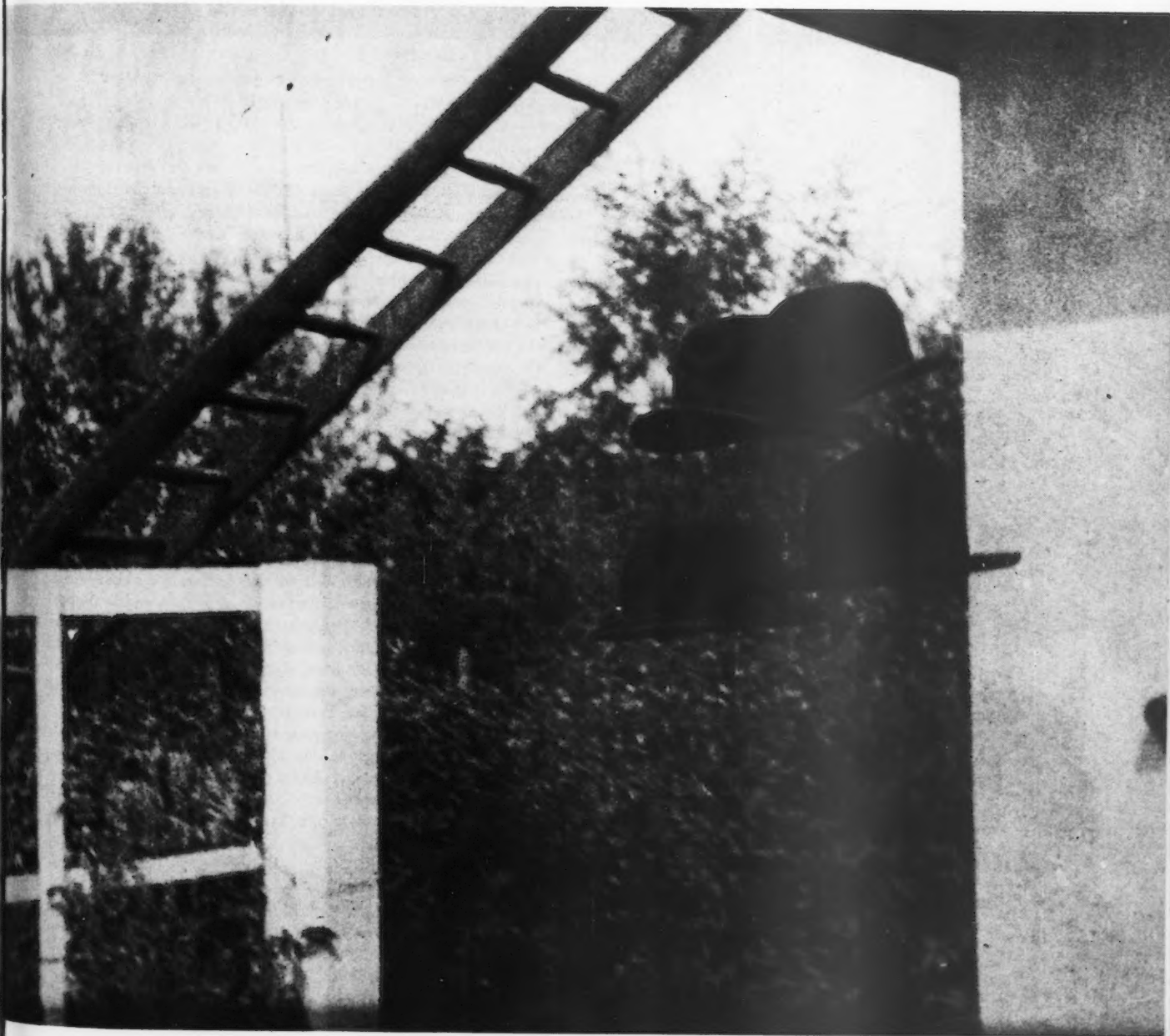
HITLER's minions did Richter the honor of condemning *Ghosts before Breakfast* as "degenerate art." They were more indirectly flattering to his *Everything Turns, Everything Revolves* (1929), to which they gave an award at the Lessing Hochschule in 1936 after removing his name from the print. Relating to many UFA and French films of the period, *Everything Turns* was a sardonic sound film with the carnival world as a focalizing symbol of the charlatanry, the gusto and the meretricious fantasies of the gullible masses. It included a remarkable sex-rivalry scene at a shooting gallery and a dismayingly comic moment when a performer in a tent show walks up a wall at right angles to it, and subsequently halves himself like the clock in *Ghosts before Breakfast*. On the brink of the catastrophic thirties, Richter was seemingly far from the a-social world of salvation by geometry, wherein Malevitch had announced "the supremacy of the square," and wherein Van Doesburg had seen the sign of a "new humanity." Léger's opinion that "Modern man lives more and more in a preponderantly geometric order" was more baleful. The geometry was disintegrating, and Richter's films mirrored disconcertingly, if with levity, the social and psychological fractionalism which, in Germany, led to the Nazi debacle. It is too easy now to draw portentous conclusions from Richter's little prologues. The chances are that they were determined equally by his delight with the dissolution and reassembly of structures

Painter and Cinematographer

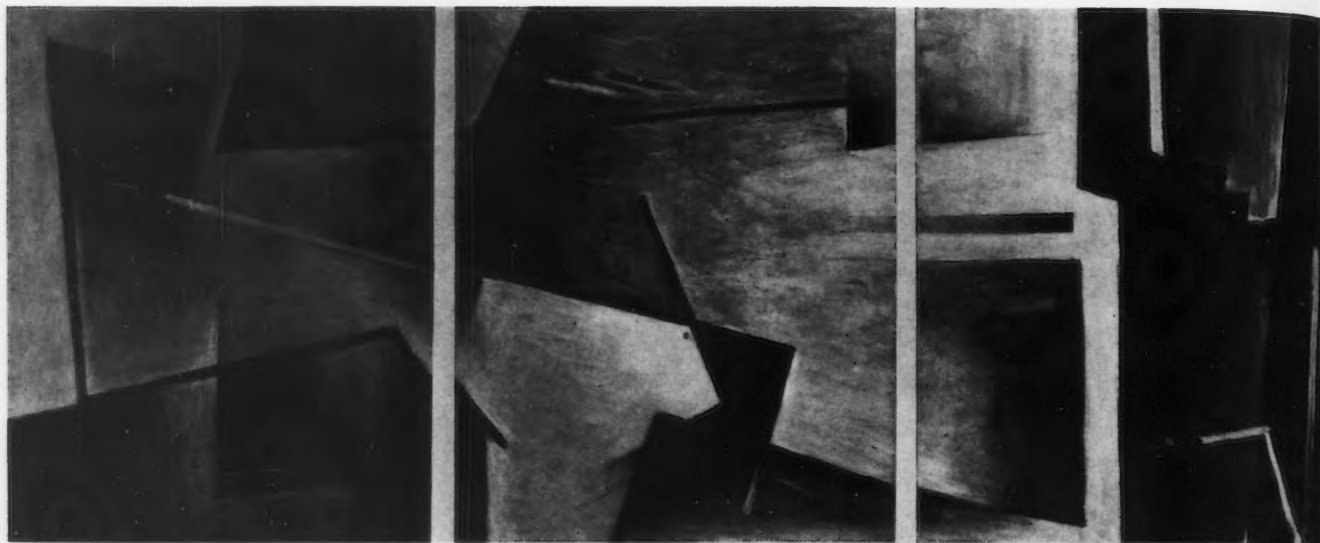


Fugue (1958).

Ghosts before Breakfast (1927-28).



Painter and Cinematographer



Gray Triptych (1957).

which had long engaged him and for which the socially satirical film offered ample possibilities. Subsequently, however, he planned, and was forced to abandon, four explicit social criticisms, for the most part anti-Nazi, between 1930 and 1937.

Richter seems to have been fated to foresee and to outline directions invariably extended or amplified by someone else, thus reaping the modest reward of the pioneer who is content to discover, to manipulate casually, to muse briefly upon discoveries and to move on. Just as the abstract-design film was taken up and enriched by a host of inventive film-makers, so the Expressionist film with documentary motifs had its mightiest incarnations elsewhere. Probably the definitive German adaptation of Russian montage to the omnipresent theme of the urban nightmare was Walther Ruttmann's "city symphony," *Berlin* (1928). Richter acknowledges that when Ruttmann became interested in his and Eggeling's experiments, he saw immediately the cinematic possibilities, worked them out briefly to his own satisfaction and then abandoned them for other and more dynamic methods. Ruttmann, also, had been a painter, but he experienced no conflict, similar to Richter's, between the rival claims of the canvas and the screen. In Richter's opinion, he was instinctively a film-maker.

What direction Richter might have pursued cinematically if his career had not been disrupted, as were so many others', by the rise of National Socialism in Germany, is now an academic question. In America, he continued to produce documentary films, but these were for specific commercial markets. His next important noncommercial film, made in America in 1944, shows a distinct break in method and intention, although it retained expressions of his perennial concern with the painting-into-film process. This was the full-length episodic *Dreams That Money Can Buy*, a collaborative venture styled in terms of certain contemporary artists such as Max Ernst, Fernand Léger, Man Ray, Marcel Duchamp and Alexander Calder. *Dreams* is a sort of potpourri exploiting the more translatable, even literary elements of art, further complicated by *mimed* action with spoken narrative (where living characters are involved), and by musical signatures as esoteric as the visual conceptions, which range from roto-reliefs to a contemporary

version of the Narcissus myth (Richter's personal contribution, heavily influenced by Jung, and certainly the most impressive part of the film). One is forced to acknowledge that Richter here surrendered the freedom and directness of the central cinematic idiom which he had helped to forge and turned to a mode reminiscent of Cocteau's *The Blood of the Poet* (and to which Cocteau returned, with his *Orpheus* of 1950). However, the film is sustained by the audacity of its unifying idea and by the wit of its transitional devices. One sequence recalls and, in a sense, negates Richter's earlier essays in abstract deformations and dissolves—Duchamp's *Nude* repeatedly descending a staircase. Since the original plastic statement was irreducible, to force its singularity into a kind of three-dimensional literalism was to destroy its kinetic subtlety. As a whole this movie represents the most prodigal exploration in Richter's progress and his most strenuous effort to reconcile the static with the mobile, the two-dimensional surface on which the hand inscribes design with another two-dimensional surface on which syntheses of movement are projected. But to photograph roto-reliefs and mobiles is simply to *record* instruments of motion, and to photograph situations which *imply* ranges of reference and action (the Surrealistic manner) is somehow to cheat the film camera of its rightful talent for illimitable motion. The reconciliation is impossible to achieve, perhaps, so long as representational objects are utilized. Film is moving narrative, and film-makers have always had to abandon their attempt to emulate the spatial microcosms of paintings in view of the limits it imposed on the fluidity of their montage. Richter's original supposition was correct: within the province of the *nonobjective* image, time sequence and composition can best intermesh with mutually cinematic results.*

BETWEEN the late twenties and early forties, film-making diverted Richter from an equal productivity on canvas. In the forties he was readdressing both the collage and the scroll

*Richter's 1957 film, *8 x 8*, elaborates the multi-level tendency of *Dreams*, and is beyond the scope of my subject, the nexus of painting and cinema.

forms, no longer with the strictly composed and super-logically combined units of the earlier scrolls, but with disturbed, electric, overlapping structures that thrust themselves (as in the 1944-45 items) across a lateral like a dreamed landscape whereon wind funnels, steps and scaffoldings march, staccato, toward a symphonic order. This somewhat architectural reminiscence of the *Preludio* period was yet an unresolved battlefield: shapes fighting either to attain melodic tension without the help of Cubist volume or to realign themselves and float freely, their trajectories uninhibited—which is what does happen in the fugues and gestures of 1957 and 1958. The hieroglyphic figures of, e.g., *Simple Gesture* and the *Scroll-Fugue 9* have reinhabited a field of space comparable to the strip of celluloid which focused the play of geometric units in the early twenties—comparably but not identically. The space itself is now an active quality. Freed from the function of *exclusively* portraying movement, these paintings are more painterly, while at the same time the scrolls are more subtly cinematic because their processions are not so categorically divided into additive clusters. But *Gray Triptych* (with *Orchestration* the most resonant painting expression on view) is curiously regressive. It reasserts Richter's personal battles with the issues of Synthetic Cubism and stubbornly restores the divided-vision process of the film strip.

As painting, Richter's output has indeed remained, however lyrically, on the surface, so to speak, never deserting the musical analogies of counterpoint, melodic variation, shifts of tonality (achieved by categorical juxtapositions of separated colors). His more extreme adventures have been film-ward. As a painter, though to this day he has a generous curiosity about every frontier breached by the Expressionists, he has never taken the plunge which annihilates the algebraic, dispenses with boundaries of design and attempts a radically more subtle (if more imperiled) engagement with the nebulous—which may be said to be the justifying ambition for the common indulgences and rare victories of the contemporary extremists. His faith in the universality of the elementary forms (archetypal patterns) of abstract painting, which he expressed in 1920, has not been shaken: he believes that these forms have a viable future as the basis for a world-wide sign language, a kind of symbolic Esperanto . . . For the contemporary critic this belief is difficult to share; the assimilation of post-Cubist abstraction by commercial advertising art and the universal standardization of Bauhaus doctrines seem at present to have depreciated the value of that Pythagorean search for irreducibles which, enunciated throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century (in the theories of such aestheticians as David Ramsay Hay, Denman Ross and Edward Hambridge, and Samuel Colman), reached plastic culmination in the art of Malevitch and Mondrian, and impressed Richter, among many others, during the chaotic ferment of post-War I, with its promise of "a new order." Actually, Richter's performances have been more refreshingly whimsical than his contentions.

Taken as a totality, may not Richter's art be characterized as *cinematic*, since in the majority of its instances it has pursued the phenomenon of visual progression? And tributary though it may be, is it not secured inextricably within a loosely woven but widely extending pattern of visual experiments in our time, the full value of which we are yet far from being able to sort out and to estimate justly? The threads that bind Richter's motifs to this whole protean expression are involved at one point with Paul Klee's "line going for a walk," at another with the exalted, if comic, sight-and-sound syncopations of Norman McLaren, whose dictum for his own approach has a fruitful circumference of meaning which Hans Richter is especially equipped to appreciate: "Animation is not the art of *drawings-that-move* but the art of *movements-that-are-drawn*."



Simple Gesture (1957).



Orchestration (1958).

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

CRITICS who write well are forgiven a great deal, but they should not be forgiven everything. Mr. Harold Rosenberg's book of essays, *The Tradition of the New*,* is a rare event in criticism, a truly interesting book. Yet its reception has made one apprehensive about the possibilities of criticism today. If one didn't know better, it would seem as if there were a conspiracy afoot to annihilate this book with praise. Everyone has spoken of Mr. Rosenberg's breadth of ideas, his intellectual incisiveness and virtuoso handling of many different subjects. But then, as if it were the function of ideas to leave us as breathless and "stimulated" as a game of tennis—instead of (shall we say?) with a new grasp of serious issues—Mr. Rosenberg's commentators have for the most part abandoned his book under a heap of quotable blurbs and gone off to the showers to recover from such a brisk match. One sometimes has the impression that he is not taken seriously.

True, there is something in his tone and style which invites this response. Mr. Rosenberg's gift for the epigrammatic phrase is not clearly distinguishable from a certain kind of sloganizing. One's hopes for seeing his bright generalizations followed up by some close attention to particulars are always defeated. His aphorisms are often marked by the verbal economy of the copywriter rather than the philosopher. His style is brilliant and alive, combining the colloquialisms of New York intellectual speech with the rhetoric of Marxian polemic, but it suffers from pride in itself. One would be glad for the grittiness of a few facts in so much rhetorical dough. Mr. Rosenberg appears at first a terse and economical polemicist, but he turns out to be repetitious and verbose. At least half the essays in his book could be stated in ten sentences each without suffering the loss of their import. They lack development. For a writer who tends to see everything—the movement of history, ideological systems, the act of painting—as "drama," his own essays are oddly lacking in denouement. They all begin after the curtain has fallen, and, more often than not, they deal less with the performance than with the opinions expressed on the way out of the theater.

Anyone arranging a panel discussion or a cocktail party knows that Mr. Rosenberg is a great man to have around. He is a fine talker, and he has a gift—quite indispensable in New York today—for making the half-baked remarks of his friends sound meaningful and important. His influence in this respect has not always been constructive, however. He must share with Mr. Parker Tyler the responsibility for transforming the literary style of *Art News* into a comedy of bad poetry and intellectual pretense. (Compare the rather innocent prose style of Mr. Hess's writings a few years ago with the stuff he writes now, and you will see the extent to which his own contributions and those of other *Art News* writers have degenerated into a pastiche of Tyler-Rosenberg mannerisms.) It is often said that a good prose style resembles fine conversation, but Mr. Rosenberg's example makes one skeptical of this dictum. His own style is far too close to his talk, with its bubbling generalities which always add a certain spice to a party but which are often supported less by the substance of the argument than by a refill at the buffet. Any writer is in trouble who confuses his

own talk for ultimate wisdom, and so finds recourse to the humdrum working out of details an unnecessary intellectual task. To paraphrase Gertrude Stein: remarks are not criticism.

What is profoundly interesting about Mr. Rosenberg's writing is the way it touches the developments of the last twenty years. I do not mean only (or even primarily) developments in art, but rather, the phenomenon which has consisted of a general withdrawal of the pieties of radicalism (to be precise: radicalist rhetoric rather than radical action) from the political arena and the subsequent reinvestment of these pieties in the aesthetic. We are reminded that the intellectual interests as well as the public career of Mr. Clement Greenberg, a critic in other ways so vastly different from Mr. Rosenberg, have traced a similar development. Mr. Rosenberg's book touches this phenomenon at many interesting points. Its separate pieces, the earliest going back almost twenty years, deal with recent American painting, aesthetic theory, the sociology and politics of artistic taste, French criticism and modern poetry, Marxian dialectics and theories of history, popular culture, liberalist platitudes, and still other subjects. The only unity we find in these essays is the unity of a mind which has moved from the certainties of radical political ideology in the thirties to the far more comfortable certainties of radical aesthetic ideology in the fifties.

No longer interested in being on the side of history in the Marxist sense, Mr. Rosenberg is now concerned to make it in the name of vanguard art. Some of his sharpest remarks are addressed to the myth of historical inevitability in Marxist ideology, and yet side by side with these remarks are others which carefully assign new life to the myth in the name of art. Mr. Rosenberg does not always call it "art." It can almost be said that for him "art" does not exist. What the rest of us consider works of art, and judge accordingly as good or bad examples, are for him tokens in the drama of an historic adventure. No wonder, then, he refuses to fuss with anything so tedious as a particular painting, for in his terms it can never be anything more than an historical prop. For Mr. Rosenberg a painting begins its life as an autobiographical gesture and thereafter assumes the fate of an historical datum. A string of such data, each carefully weighed for its exact (diminishing) relation to the one preceding, each alike only in the degree to which it, like all its predecessors, is radically unlike the one directly antecedent—this string of pearls is Mr. Rosenberg's history of modern painting.

The essay called "Parable of American Painting," the first in the book, sets the terms by which art is judged in the volume as a whole. Mr. Rosenberg's "parable" is as follows: there are two traditions in American art, Redcoatism and Coonskinism, the former deriving its values, taste and ideals from European models, the latter drawing on firsthand American experience itself for the creation of an art without models. This is not an original distinction. It was voiced long ago by D. H. Lawrence (and he was not the first); more recently Mr. Philip Rahv, in his well-known essay, "Paleface and Redskin," gave it an up-to-date statement. Still, it is a useful insight, or at least it once was. The question is whether the recent history of American art, and the whole current tendency of American culture, has not made it obsolete. Mr. Rosenberg is all on the side of Coonskinism, which he judges to be the only legitimate fulcrum of authentic art in this country. Yet here we encounter a curiosity. Mr. Rosenberg is himself a Redcoat whose ideology is Coonskinism. His own insights are inseparable from the culture of Marxism, Existentialism and French literary polemic, which have formed the content and style of his writing. He is a Redcoat, Francophile rather than Anglophile, but a Redcoat all the same. Nothing could be further from his style and the rhythm of his ideas than the direct confrontation of

**The Tradition of the New*, by Harold Rosenberg. Horizon Press, Inc. \$4.95.

raw experience. He brings to every subject a mind heavily stocked with Continental culture, which he is anxious to transform into an instrument for championing the unmixed Coonskinism of American art.

Suppose for a moment that the Redcoat-Coonskin distinction is a useful, legitimate one. Is Redcoatism an artistic value? Mr. Rosenberg would seem to suggest that Edgar Allan Poe, because he gave "Baudelaire the cue to modern poetry," is a more important writer than, say, Henry James. Poe had an influence on Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Valéry, whereas James, the arch-Redcoat of our literature, had no influence on European letters. We may find it a little odd, of course, to discover Poe, with all his literary airs, dressed up in a Coonskin hat for this occasion; odd, and absurd. In any case, the theory (if it works) should establish Poe's superiority to James as a writer, and that is something which all the theory in the world cannot do. James is the greater artist—by far!—simply because his works tell us (to use an old-fashioned phrase) more of the truth.

To find the real meaning of this belief in Coonskinism I think we have to take our cue (as Mr. Rosenberg might say) from another of his essays, "The Resurrected Romans." This is one of Mr. Rosenberg's sharpest analyses of the ideological view of history. Drawing upon Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, his own essay is a searching rumination on the relation of revolutionary action to historical self-consciousness. It turns especially on the following quotation from Marx: "Just when [revolutionaries] seem engaged in revolutionizing themselves and things, in creating something entirely new, precisely in such epochs of revolutionary crisis they anxiously conjure up the spirits of the past to their service and borrow from them names, battle slogans and costumes."

I would suggest that Mr. Rosenberg's obsession with Coonskinism is precisely this kind of farcical reaching out for the costumes of the past. As a critical idea, Coonskinism does not take us very far in understanding the art of our time, but as an appeal to sentiment, to all the predictable dreams of freedom and virility, physical action and unbridled ambition which the image of the Frontier conjures up in the American mind, his theory is very useful indeed. It is another instance of Mr. Rosenberg's favorite habit of mind: to discredit an ideological assumption of the old radicalism only to dress it up in another form for use in the new radicalism of the aesthetic. For myself, I see nothing in this dichotomy of Redcoatism and Coonskinism but the old Classicism-Romanticism argument gotten up in a language which flatters an age of blue jeans and sweatshirts. To regard Tenth Street as the reincarnation of the Frontier is indeed to confirm Marx's statement that history repeats itself in the form of farce.

MR. ROSENBERG'S "Parable of American Painting" is followed by his now famous essay on "The American Action Painters." Two short paragraphs will suffice perhaps in recalling his well-known definition of the new style:

At a certain moment the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act—rather than a space in which to reproduce, re-design, analyze or "express" an object, actual or imagined. What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event.

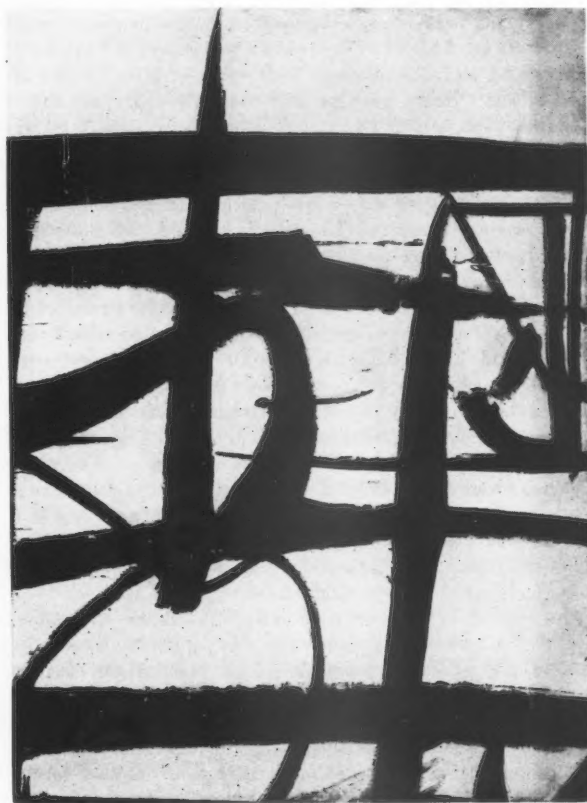
The painter no longer approached his easel with an image in his mind; he went up to it with material in his hand to do something to that other piece of material in front of him. The image would be the result of this encounter.

"The new painting," according to Mr. Rosenberg, "has broken down every distinction between art and life."

In a sense, this theory is beyond criticism. It defines a predicament as an instance of cultural heroism. It chooses to re-

gard as evidence of achievement precisely those values in which others find a failure of vision and an abdication of both craft and spirit. To see Mr. Rosenberg's theory of Action Painting in relief (so to speak), we need to see it not only in relation to his idea of Coonskinism (the canvas as the Last Frontier, etc.), but perhaps more meaningfully in relation to his commentary on Dr. Susanne Langer's book, *Feeling and Form*. In an essay called "Virtual Revolution," Mr. Rosenberg discusses Dr. Langer's important work of aesthetic theory, and in the course of the discussion he clarifies his own position.

He begins his commentary with some very pretty compliments to Dr. Langer. He is quite shrewd enough to see that her work is a lion in the path of his own theory. He seems at first to accept all the premises of her argument, and indeed, rather gushes over it, but halfway through his essay he turns on her with a curiously lame utterance: "Art is constantly making itself; its definition is in the future. Criticism cannot therefore be a single developing theory . . ." Now besides the confusion here of aesthetic theory and practical criticism—a confusion which Dr. Langer herself does not invite—there is the question of why we should be under any obligation to defer our definitions of art to the future. That "art is constantly making itself" is one of those unexceptionable statements which contribute nothing to this question. The fact is that Mr. Rosenberg is not in the least concerned to leave definitions to the future; his own essays abound with them, and often with little else. What he wants to leave for the future—and as far into the future as possible—is Dr. Langer's kind of definition. "The theory of 'virtual' art objects [i.e., Dr. Langer's theory] does too much for form and for knowledge at the expense of experience," writes Mr. Rosenberg. On the contrary, I should say one of the



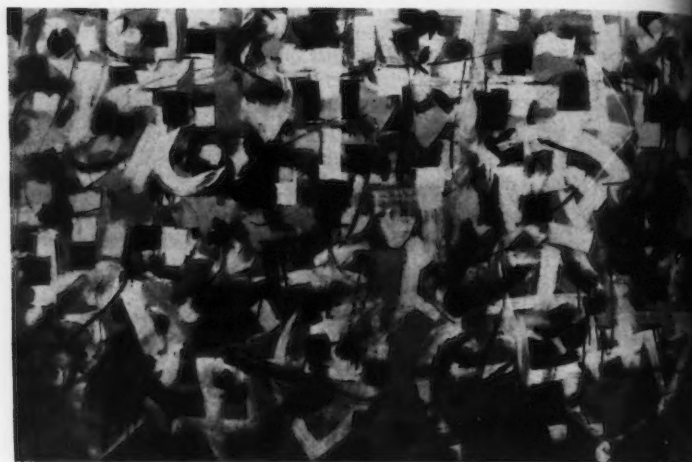
Franz Kline, *Cardinal* (1950), collection Mr. and Mrs. George Poindexter; at Museum of Modern Art.

MONTH IN REVIEW



Franz Kline, *Garcia* (1957), collection Sidney Janis Gallery; at Museum of Modern Art.

Bradley Walker Tomlin, *No. 15* (1953), collection Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller; Museum of Modern Art.



strengths of Dr. Langer's theory is precisely the attention it pays to the ways in which experience *enters* art and undergoes a profound transformation in crossing the boundary which separates art from life. "The modern 'self-expressive' artist does everything he can to destroy the Distance of form," writes Mr. Rosenberg. "Hence painting and literature today are full of smashed and mixed forms and deliberately 'pasted in' raw materials." This too is unexceptionable; yet Mr. Rosenberg, unlike Dr. Langer, is at a loss to explain how it is that "pasted in" materials assume a role in a painting utterly removed from their original functions. If his theory worked, the newspapers pasted into collages would still contain news for us; it is Dr. Langer who has taken the trouble to think through exactly what they do contain. Her theory of the symbolic nature of art is actually far more congenial to modern art than Mr. Rosenberg's—and indeed, his criticism of Dr. Langer's theory comes to little more than a defense of his own belief that Action Painting has broken "every distinction between art and life." Actually, even the most vehement examples of Abstract Expressionism (to use a more descriptive term) do nothing to change the relation of art to life. It is, alas, *as art* that this painting has to be judged; it is *as art* that it judges and sells itself. And it is because her theory focuses attention on the *work of art*, rather than the romance of the artist's predicament, that Mr. Rosenberg feels called upon to attack Dr. Langer's position.

In another of his essays, "Revolution and the Concept of Beauty," Mr. Rosenberg writes: "... in politics the alternative to revolution is another political position, reaction, for instance. In art the alternative is 'the Academy,' which is not a position in art." Mr. Rosenberg thus establishes his position as a spokesman for vanguard values. Yet, I find in this facile dichotomy still another ghost of the old radicalism with its easy formulations of what was, and what was not, possible at any given moment of history. And just as the old radical formulas failed to account for many possibilities its theory never dreamed of,

so does the present moment in art hold many alternatives which the old-fashioned idea of the Avant-Garde versus The Academy fails to contain. Mr. Rosenberg's book already belongs to the past, not the present. Only his title refers to the present: *The Tradition of the New*; the meaning of his title, its implications and prophecy for the present and the future—these are nowhere discussed between the covers of the present volume. The fact that the avant-garde has become a tradition means that it is only one more tradition among others; henceforth the artist is free (some might even say, condemned) to shift for himself. Henceforth it will be by his individual statement, rather than his historical credentials, that he will be judged.

WHEN one turns from the pages of Mr. Rosenberg's book to the exhibition of "The New American Painting" which has been at the Museum of Modern Art this summer (May 28-September 8), it is clear that the *New* has become a fixed position, a vested interest, a tradition as rigid as any other. Moreover, the function of this exhibition—this is the show that traveled around Europe last year; it was discussed by several correspondents in these pages during its tour*—underscores, if anything, its official installation as a department of American culture. If this art may be said to have broken down all distinctions between art and life in any sense, it is in the realm of commerce, not aesthetics. At one point in his essay on "The American Action Painters," Mr. Rosenberg remarks: "Unlike the art of nineteenth-century America, advanced paintings today are not bought by the middle class"; and he adds the following footnote: "The situation has improved since this essay appeared in 1952. Several younger collectors have appeared who are specializing in the new American painting—and to some degree the work of Americans has entered the world

*See especially the Paris report by Annette Michelson in the June, 1959, number.

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Robert Motherwell, *Elegy for the Spanish Republic XXXV* (1954-58), collection Mr. and Mrs. Albert Newman; at Museum of Modern Art.



Edward Still, *No. 3* (1951), collection Mrs. Betty Parsons; at Museum of Modern Art.

market." This understatement-of-the-year needs little comment except to add that among the "younger collectors" are some of the oldest museums in the country. Mr. Rosenberg has himself recently joined the boom as the functionary of a foundation which purchases vanguard paintings for public institutions—an altogether praiseworthy endeavor. The point is that the social situation of vanguard painting in New York has moved so swiftly that a writer like Mr. Rosenberg, basing his definitions of a style on the social and psychological predicament of the artist, rather than on the intrinsic character of the work of art, was bound to have the whole premise of his criticism wiped out by events. At a moment when the real-estate operators of East Hampton and Provincetown are filling their pockets with the proceeds of this painting, Mr. Rosenberg is still dreaming of the Frontier. Let's face it: the man in the Coonskin hat has a dry martini in his hand!

But then, *why* face it when the myth has such a nice, comfortable, absolutely familiar look to it? Rather than face it, we have that game of charades whose mementos turn up from time to time in that delightful document, the magazine *It Is*. When has so much sentimentality combined with so much illiteracy to pass itself off as a serious journal? There hasn't been anything like it since the invention of the high-school year-book.

The latest number of *It Is* (dated winter-spring, 1959) contains an especially amusing review by Miss May Natalie Tabak (who is, by the way, Mrs. Harold Rosenberg) of the book called *Art since 1945*.^{*} This book is admittedly one of the dumbest publications of its kind. When it came around for review some months ago, it struck me as such a routine job that I could see no point in commenting on it. A glance at the texts—

Sam Hunter on American painting, Sir Herbert Read on English, Marcel Brion on French, Will Grohmann on German, etc.—left me with the impression I had read them all dozens of times, in exhibition catalogues, magazine articles, museum bulletins and other official sources. Moreover, there was no coherent relation between the texts and the illustrations, and the absence of an editor on the title page (not to say, in the book) confirmed an impression that this was only the latest product of the international art-book publishing racket which has now flooded the market with books that are of no more critical value than a press release.

In the interval, however, *Art since 1945* has been subjected to such ferocious attacks—by Mr. Hess in *Encounter*, Mr. Navaretta in *Art News*, and now Miss Tabak, who, with this review, makes her debut as the Diana Trilling of East Tenth Street—that I have been moved to reread the book to see what it is that so offends these writers (who are, after all, not *that* unused to dull criticism). I see now that it is precisely their interest in carrying on the avant-garde charade that moves them to violent denunciations of this book, and not so much the book as a whole as Mr. Hunter's essay on American painting. Mr. Hunter writes as a museum director and art historian as well as critic; he makes assumptions about influence, continuity of style, and so on. His view is nothing if not official; his is the kind of writing which fits the recent past, even parts of the present, into the neat picture of art history on the basis of which our museum exhibitions are now organized. As writers in this profession go, he is certainly not the worst; I daresay he is more literate than most. What offends the partisans of Tenth Street is not so much what he says as the assumption behind his whole career: that Abstract Expressionism is now our certified avant-garde style. Miss Tabak, Mr. Navaretta and their friends continue to write fantasies out of their own private charade. You cannot blame them for screaming a bit when Mr. Hunter's essay reminds them that the game is over.

^{*}*Art since 1945*. Texts by Marcel Brion, Sam Hunter, Giulio Carlo Argan, Nello Ponente, Umbro Apollonio, Otto Bihalij-Merin, Will Grohmann, Herbert Read, H. L. C. Jaffe, J. P. Hodin, Harry N. Abrams, Inc. \$12.50.



David Park, *Woman and Coffee Pot*; at Staempfli Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

David Park: The human figure is in the forefront of these paintings. It is broadly painted, a solidity brought to the surface with energetic direction; sure touches everywhere reveal long experience with the medium and knowledge of the subject. Park has been painting and teaching painting since 1928; this work out of the Bay Area—his first one-man show here since 1936—represents what he has been doing in the last two years. And the last two years, judging from this overwhelming display of close to thirty good-sized works, represent an extraordinarily fruitful period in his career. Unattractive as the term "Bay Area Figure Painters" now sounds (and to ears there, probably!), Park must be located as one of them; not only one of them: the granddaddy of them all. The general concern of the group—with the heavily manipulated application of paint itself, and with the figure as the medium through which the quality of paint application, the color and the proportion, speak clearly of something other—he has made most intensely his concern, and most successfully. To do this, he has created a figure that has many effects of reality (in the stance, articulation of limbs, reception to light, observable distance from others, and so forth), but whose ultimate reality is overridden in the mask faces, generalized extremities and separation from the environment he creates about them. In most of the paintings, the figures stand

apart—in front of—the natural setting; seldom does a convincing drama of participation occur. Nor do their outward-gazing masks invite the spectator to enter. These figures remain at the threshold of some animating experience, and that may be why even their evident heartiness, their solidity and strong color can be taken as a lament, and why this most rigorous of "abstract configuration" presents, finally, the strongest statement of some cruel contemporary paradox. Still, the static confrontation is not the only mode. A particular exception is *Woman and Coffee Pot* (1958). Here the figure is located in an interior, and caught in a moment of concentration within it—the head bends, attentive to the light-drawn hands holding the coffee pot above the cup in the very center of the canvas. A drama in which the figure participates is suggested, but even here, the intimate nature of such a simple drama (Will the coffee land in the cup?) is quite separate from the nature of the painting, which wants to keep the stage grand. (Staempfli, Sept. 30-Oct. 17.)—A.V.

American Abstract Artists: This is the group's twenty-third annual. It is a collection of small and, therefore, not-very-recent works by about fifty members of various inclinations. Here the term abstract loses the definition it once offered; on that day of the great picketing of the Museum

of Modern Art in the thirties there was a fence with something equally definable on the other side. The group is certainly aware of this. One wonders with what ironic sense that stunning meeting at a gallery corner was arranged: Nassos Daphnis, heading up a line of "geometers," bumps into Robert Conover, behind him marshalled a row of expressionists. This theme is played throughout the gallery: Joseph Albers squarely faces Hyde Solomon's landscape; Perle Fine's torn-paper collage, *A Breath of Spring*, is next to Fannie Hillsmith's Victorian-Cubist ensemble. It is difficult to make individual sense out of a large, miscellaneous group show, one that happens every year, and yet does not fully represent that year, and that is what this is—hardly an occasion for an attempt to examine individual works. The paintings and sculptures become because of size limitations and the social sense the scene imposes, invitations to the fuller displays of their author's works that will be held in another season. Such a show is like a large party: the talk may have a certain quality about it—the quests are "informed"—but nothing is fully said. One admires the glimpses afforded (Vincent Longo's delicately dark-blooming abstraction; Leo Manso's red and black, round-formed image of an interior richness; Charmion von Wiegand's complex *Night Intersection*, and so on), and hopes to see these participants again, alone, or in the

company of one or two others who like to discuss similar things. (Parsons, June 1-13.)—A.V.

Joseph Stella Portraits: We have barely known the Stella that is revealed here. This is not the futurist painter who transformed the Brooklyn Bridge into a symphony, an attempt to catch the "oceanic polyphony" of the city he romanticized, but the sensitive recorder of human beings, whose graphic power speaks through a wide range of media and styles. It is the intensity of his concern with the various beings he portrays that is the important revelation. There are the early drawings of laborers from the "Pittsburgh Survey" of 1908 and the charcoal and pastel *Immigrant Woman* of 1916. This was the period when the photographer Jacob Riis was making his Ellis Island series; Stella's work was part of the attention given then to those for whom America was not, after all, the promised land. An immigrant himself, but one of adequate means, he knew what his subjects had left behind, and the possibilities for his own life added depth to his vision of their destitution. These realistic drawings are rich on many levels, and in commenting on their beauty we comment on a fact of the times also—many of these real drawings were used as magazine illustrations. A number of eminent subjects are also recorded, usually in a more consciously stylized manner: *Walter Damrosch* (1910), varnished and white-lighted, Michelangeloesque; *Walt Whitman* (1922), idealized in silverpoint; *Edna St. Vincent Millay* (1927-28), an intense profile in oil, a pale green eye gazing across a deep seascape, with hair and exactly rendered French-ribbon scarf flowing in "twentyish" rhythms. There is also a self-portrait: the painter's huge head in profile topped by the great black fedora he customarily wore. It is Giottoesque in color, and the treatment of the surface does suggest some ancient fresco whose most important parts have remained intact—a head expressing generosity, strength and wisdom and a delicately outlined flower traced near it. (Zabriskie, Sept. 14-Oct. 3.)—A.V.

Benjamin G. Benno: These pastel still lifes are the work of an artist who re-enters the exhibition scene after a long absence, during which he has, among other things, driven a taxicab in New York City. His early exhibitions included a retrospective in Paris in 1934; he was represented at the Guggenheim and the Whitney in the thirties; and in 1935 he was part of a Parisian gallery group that included Léger, Laurens, Kandinsky and Gonzalez. Picasso sponsored his Paris retrospective, and Picasso's art must figure in an attempt to convey something of Benno's work. Gertrude Stein commented on Benno in *Everybody's Autobiography*: "He realized [Picasso's forms] and sometimes completed and balanced them and he made them from within." This comment can be remembered in looking at the present works, especially if we stress her appreciation of his balance and note that the exhibition is comprised of works dated 1953 and 1959.

The essential image remains one of balance in the somber-colored pastels of 1953. A modified Cubism is used in the description of the still lifes, which usually occupy half of the picture space. This is extended backward and outward toward and through an opening, beyond a threshold often marked by the arabesque of a grillwork balcony. Musical instruments are often described; the medium and the color imply antique richness, and the balanced composition, stated in the dark-drawn curves and intersecting angles, gives out a sense of stability in forms that also maintain a contemporary attitude.

The works of this year blossom in the meltingly luminous color that pastel can offer. Their still-Cubist configurations are now formed by color alone, and though they are more expansive, Benno's customary classic containment is not

disrupted. But among them are two that move out of interior space and beyond recognizable objects, beyond, too, a strictly Cubist vocabulary of forms. These are *Synthesis*, in which rectangular forms fan outward and upward to offer a range of delicious reds, and *Etude for Transition*, a formal account of the opening of a linear, petaled form, molded with discrete bands of ultramarine and soft green, to admit the refreshing entry of an area of pale blue. Gertrude Stein can be quoted again: "He is a real sailor and gentle." (Collectors', Sept. 28-Oct. 17.)—A.V.

Oscar Bluemner: Concentrating upon water colors and sketches, this exhibition presents something of a retrospective showing of the German artist who removed to America to take up a long but unsuccessful career, ending his life in 1938. The work ranges from superb little pencil and water-color sketches of New York and New Jersey, many of them annotated with indications for color, to his later, symbolic compositions with sun and moon motifs. That he was always open to the currents of his time is indicated by the direction of his work from the early pencil sketches like the expert and free drawing, *Hudson River at 160th Street* (1908), to the later abstract configurations. Particularly impressive is the bright and Impressionistic crayon sketch, *Sunlight* (1911), with its brilliant strokes of purples, blues, yellows and light greens. He represents, one takes it, yet another of those artists from an older generation whose work helped to create an acceptance for new directions, but whose career never achieved that success which, in a small way perhaps, it had made possible for younger men. (James Graham, Sept. 17-Oct. 10.)—J.R.M.

Founders' Exhibition: Although most of the paintings in this thirty-seventh annual exhibition are securely within the realm of the representational, the variety of the styles and the competence of the painting are impressive. There are, as well, one or two notes of abstraction, particularly in Richard Wagner's dark, cool landscape, *Mount Copeland*. For sheer precise realism it would be difficult to beat F. Julia Bach's luminous small still life of roses, *The Crooked Stem*, and for delicacy of tone and atmosphere, J. Francis Murphy's golden *Summer Landscape*. The exhibition includes a number of water colors and a few small pieces of sculpture. For this viewer, one of the finest of the oils, which make up the majority of the works, is the small, tenderly painted still life by J. Alden Weir, *Apples*. Its subtle ranges of rich and dulled browns are set off by some of the rosiest apples in painting. (Grand Central, Sept. 15-Nov. 12.)—J.R.M.

Justin Schorr: A fantasy of the horrible imposes itself upon a sensibility whose assured painting otherwise finds expression in that moment when things in delicate balance are finally still. *Street Scene*, *Monk's Cloth* and *Eatery* are the fantastic horrors—palely rendered images of anguish set against the Surrealist trapping of a devastated deep perspective mock real sorrow. In *Nude with Chair*, *Portrait of the Artist* and *Seated Nude*, however, the painterly assurance is exercised in locating believable subjects, and this is accomplished by incorporating, not abandoning, stylistic devices—inexplicable shifts in space and volume, and "unfinished" areas—that in the "fantastic" works seem part of a general contrivance. The dainty *Seated Nude*, especially, is a work that seems to promise durable refreshment and expansion. (Morris, Sept. 4-Oct. 3.)—A.V.

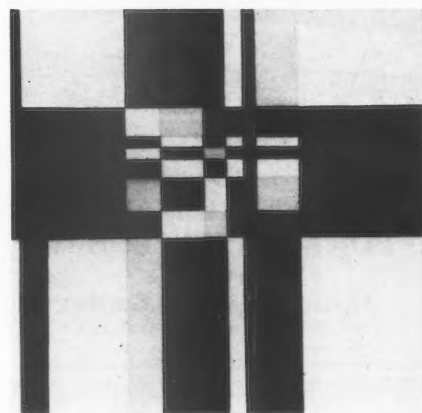
Ethel Christensen: Oil paint is broadly slabbled or narrowly stroked in these large canvases; the slabs and strokes, in black, cadmium red light, ochre, yellow and white are pulled about to become tightly knit land- or seascapes or a human head, treated like rocky terrain. Even the sea is



Joseph Stella, *Self-Portrait*; at Zabriskie Gallery.



Benjamin G. Benno, *Still Life #9*; at Collectors' Gallery.



Charmion von Wiegand, *Night Intersection*; at Parsons Gallery.



Oscar Bluemner, *Sunlight*; at Graham Gallery.

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solidified at the surface of erupted waves. The paintings are "strong" (so is a tight fist). They insist that very different subjects submit to one attitude, not of style but of method. This conformity destroys expressive strength. (Kottler, Sept. 21-Oct. 3.)—A.V.

Josephine Burns: This is perhaps old-fashioned painting for today; it issues from a profound admiration for Braque, and in one or two of the latest paintings there are suggestions that the artist is deepening her interest in Bonnard. The paintings are all still lifes, the earlier ones having a Cubistic approach with more dramatic forms, cleaner, more incised planes. But it is the method of the work that is admirable. In the latest paintings, particularly in *The Desk*, one can see how much more this method has been made to yield. For each object—a sliced lemon, a fluted plate of rich blue—is considered as something with an integrity of its own, to be apprehended and worked out as one element in a painting and then to be related to the objects appearing next to it, until the whole painting comes together as a profusion of objects and colors, carefully considered, carefully conceived and carefully ordered together as a single ripe experience. In *The Desk*, this method comes to a kind of wonderful fruition. It is a vertical composition of slabs and irregular strips of color—blues and browns, warm, sunny tans. These strips of color seem to ascend and descend in the composition, accepting and acquiring whatever pleasurable form is available—the interesting disorder of a folded cloth, the gentle curving of a piece of furniture. The color too accepts and changes; the strip of pinkish beige along the leg of the desk, at the right moment for itself and for its neighboring colors, swells into a luminous magenta. And this slow movement of form and color proceeds throughout the entire painting, taking in the furniture itself, the patterned rug on the floor, the fall of warm, rich light along the wall, delivering up for the artist an increased density of painting, a richer, more varied and subtle use of color. This profusion, gently but firmly ordered, becomes in a particular sense the painting itself. (Hicks St. Gallery, Sept. 29-Oct. 17.)—J.R.M.

New Mexican Santos: Although the exhibition includes only nine pieces made for and by members of a penitential sect during the period from 1820 to 1865, it gives an indication of the vigor of a once-flourishing but now extinct art-form. These figures, largely crucifixes, have about them an austere, lean religious fervor that is admirable, and one can note, curiously, the manner in which the influence of Spanish Baroque has been adapted to suit a more formal and primitive inclination, for even the streaks of blood issuing from the wounds have been made to fit into concise decorative patterns. The wounds themselves are terrifyingly literal—gaping holes cut into the sides of the figures. A number of the pieces retain, apparently, the original human hair; in others, the cloth garments have obviously been replaced. (Stolper, Sept. 20-Oct. 10.)—J.R.M.

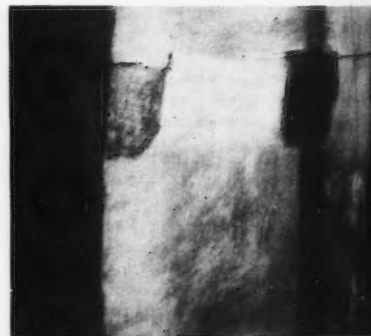
Ida Kohlmeyer: The handling is always exact and assured in this first New York showing of oils by an artist on the faculty of Tulane University. The sense of color, too, is fine, whether ranging into rich and resonant browns, as in *Procession*, or into brighter areas, the reds, blues, marigold oranges and whites, of *Opposing Forces*. The artist works generally in a horizontal format, stretching across the canvas processions of brusque, brushed squares or lozenges, slightly angled, that maintain a formal and stately richness. The variation in mood, by color and the manner of painting, is pleasurable to watch—the subtle and quiet olive-green and brown shadings of *Becalmed*, the sunny phasings of yellows that tint into olive greens and richer browns, in



Josephine Burns, *Still Life*; at Hicks Street Gallery.



Hilda Ward, *Seated Girl*; at Pietrantonio Gallery.



Ida Kohlmeyer, *Golden Bough*; at White Gallery.



Préfète Duffaut, *Celebration*; at Nessler Gallery.

Golden Bough, the feathery strokes of crimson browns and deeper plum-blacks of *Transition*. Ruth White, Sept. 23-Oct. 10.)—J.R.M.

Philip Stein: The easy fluid style, the social connotations, the approach to the figure, in these paintings in Duco, speak for the painter's association with the Mexican mural movement. But there is, as well, an element of the Romantic and the Baroque, particularly in the ominous rolling storm clouds and fleeing figures in gardens tinged with yellowish light. The more successful paintings are the ones that lie closest to murals, *Man's Image and Construction*. The idea behind *Radioactive Garden*, two children in an innocent and sunny garden with a burgeoning lilac bush, though interesting perhaps, remains a verbal idea rather than one which is visually implicit in the painting. (Gallery New York, Sept. 15-Oct. 3.)—J.R.M.

Hilda Ward: The elements of mystery that mark Hilda Ward's life are present in her work—expressionist portraits of unknown sitters against stylized backgrounds that seem, because of the inward-turning eyes, graphic representation of meanings sent and received at the time the portrait was made. The paintings also have the interest of being exceptionally advanced for their time and the artist's place—although she studied with Homer Boss and Robert Henri, Miss Ward was, after all, the wealthy tenant of an estate in Roslyn, Long Island, and she moved in a society that never knew she painted: What neighbor could have known that "those men" seen entering the grounds of the estate were in fact some of the Independents, who respected her art and toward whom she was not only a coworker but a generous benefactress? Her role is an interesting one. There is a great American element about it, and the personal force and painterly knowledge displayed (she wasn't a society woman painting roses on teacups) mark it as tragic. That sense is increased by the information that this painter stopped working at the age of thirty-eight, and that when she died, in her sixties, several years ago, these paintings were left to a nurse, who eventually let them be thrown on the floor of some country auction house. Their quality shines through the damage done to most of them, and there are, fortunately, at least six portraits in very good condition, works not only exceptional for their time and circumstance, but absolute in their artistic achievement. (Pietranaro, Sept. 15-30.)—A.V.

Haitian Paintings and Sculpture: In 1944 Dewitt Peters, an American teacher in residence, opened the Centre d'Art in Port au Prince with the support of a small group of Haitian artists and intellectuals. Since then it has become the gathering point for the art that flows from Haitians all over the island. Mr. Peters has maintained the attitude of the encouraging friend toward this art; rather than attempting to mold it with Western information, the Centre d'Art nurtures its natural growth. The great variety of work in the present exhibit is the successful outcome of this attitude, and Mr. Peters' understanding interest in the quite distinct artistic proclivities of the artists speaks for his position as foster father of present-day Haitian art. One of the most productive of the Haitians is the blacksmith Georges Liau. He is represented here by two small sculptures of outstanding visual quality: *Two Women*, a free-standing relief work and *Marisa*, an extraordinary resolution of sculptural conception with precise literary meaning. Among the painters, several less known here are of particular interest: Antonio Joseph, whose delicate *Haitian Flowers* is an intricacy of tender green tendrils intertwined upward against a dark vertical ground; Préfète Duffaut, author of *Celebration*, a dream of the good harbor sym-

metrically designed and painted with the intense meticulousness of the primitive, who needs meanings exactly placed, not suggested; and Luce Tuinier, a young woman who has studied in this country with Morris Kantor, but who maintains her sense of location as a Haitian in her work. Castera Bazile, painter of three large murals in the Port au Prince cathedral, Philomé and Sèneque Obin, Gabriel Alix and Bourmard Byron are among the other contributors to this rich exhibition of the fruits of the Centre d'Arts' encouragement. (Nessler, Sept. 21-Oct. 3.)—A.V.

Tao Chi: An album of leaves of flower paintings with poems and a scroll, *A Visit with Tai*, are among the masterpieces in this exhibition of the seventeenth-century monk, painter and poet. Tao Chi was recognized by his contemporaries for an originality of boldness and rhythm that went beyond tradition and the practice of his time. The flower album moves leaf by leaf in a sequence that becomes musical, and each single conception contributes to its unity of expression through the drawing and the revealing calligraphy and sense of the poem. The writing on the large-formed tree peony is appropriately expansive, and the poem at the bottom of the leaf into which a plum branch hangs serves also to create the space through which the plum will fall. The *Tai* scroll is a celebration of the painter's visit, a richly remembered account of the whole scene with a sense, too, of his approach and leave-taking. There are the two painters in the small room, beyond are the mountains, the path to the house is visible, a slight rain falls. The poem tells how, while their minds were absorbed in the process, Tai's wet brush touched the paper; suddenly a pine tree appears—they run about the room laughing with delight. (Mi Chou, Sept. 15-Oct. 10.)—A.V.

Henry Newman: It is the figurative works in this exhibition of found-object constructions that are the most interesting. Made of pieces of weathered wood, metal scraps, wire, linoleum and other discarded materials, they are mostly constructions against a flat ground, although three are included that are not based on the rectangle. This is a form that needs a penetrating wit to see beyond the already obvious transformations of found objects to relationships that may remember both original function and that function we can now anticipate through our experience of the form. The results should become fantasies in new relationships coalesced into an image that overrides the materiality of the form. Newman approaches these terms in *Figure in Blue*, *Moving Spirit* and *The Bat*. Closest to the real thing, however, is *Long Beach Construction No. 1*, a vertical piece made of curved slats behind a regularly spaced assembly of small dark squares of a harsh, scumbled material. Although he gives it a non-descriptive title, the work is a totem of what seems to be an unvarying hierarchy of beings whose common central eyes are unwaveringly fixed on the observer. (Fleischman, Sept. 20-Oct. 9.)—A.V.

Dorothy Eckhardt, Viola Lowenheim: A number of subjects interest Miss Eckhardt, a painter in her early twenties—spring landscape, Southwestern rock formations, interiors, driftwood, a family group, a religious figure, even a South Seas fantasy. She seems most at ease in the landscapes, which exhibit passages of rich painting that are a development beyond some earlier, cramped work. But the most interesting painting is *Driftwood*, a simple presentation of the dry, gnarled, white wood on a pink-lavender ground. In concentrating on this single object, she invests it with an intensity of meaning that lets it become a symbol. Miss Lowenheim is a painter of long experience. She paints leaf and flower forms, limbs and trunks of trees; the pale palette and brushed white over grayed hues achieve



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iridescence and vibration, and the swirled, delicate lines make visible the slow movement of growth. These essences are her real subjects. *The Last Glow*, golden brown seen through gray limbs that embrace a pale yellow-green, has a linearly active brushing and a flowing, interweaving composition through which the subject speaks most clearly. (Burr, Sept. 13-26.)—A.V.

Bernard Steffen: Steffen deploys his style, in these shimmering abstract oils, with control and variety. Using luminous, milky, opalescent changes of color and a repertory of forms—blunt and broken, or graceful rising and falling arabesques—he maintains in each work a sense of individual experience. *Late Afternoon* is one of his finest works, its looping forms in golden tans and deeper browns tinged with glowing purples. Also notable are *Winter Observation*, with its pale curtains of light, yellows, greens and beiges, and *Flight*, its curving rhythmic shapes in green and sand browns set off by strokes of intense, vibrant blues and blacks. (Grand Central Moderns, Sept. 26-Oct. 15.)—J.R.M.

David Brooks: Heavily brushed, richly textured abstract forms predominate in this exhibition of oils which tend toward muted color combinations—reddish browns, oranges, grays and yellows, set off, here and there, by richer blues. *Suddenness* and a *Quiet Pond*, with its cloudlike and broken forms in dulled blues, whites and umbers, is one of the more notable works in an exhibition characterized by evenness and a high level of competence. (Artzt, Sept. 9-20.)—J.R.M.

Leah Gold, Raymond Andrews: *Figure with Jug* is outstanding among Leah Gold's color woodcuts and mixed-media works. Here the abstraction of natural forms is original; this realization in strong color and curvilinear shapes bears an unmistakable personal stamp. But in other works, the dominating medium puts off a real image, and it is not clear what is sought beyond the effectively decorative. Raymond Andrews' large oils, quick and jagged-stroked, have a strangely finessed quality about them. The speary strokes look uncomfortable, not dangerous, or, what is more, challenging. Lines like splinters dart or bolt forth; is it lightning or some collapsed construction? Though "successful" in its activity, the painting conveys for the most part only a sense of efficient strategy. (Arts Center, Sept. 12-24.)—A.V.

Evi Fisk, May Janko, Stanley Stark: Evi Fisk creates figures that solidify some subtle emanation from a glowing core. The figures are usually alone on the large canvas. If two appear, they are joined in a movement as rhythmic and reciprocal as a swing. They are surrounded by areas of rich purple, or black, or simple blue; these areas

complement the rich flesh color and locate the figures in a close-space interior. There the figure breathes its essential warmth and intimates that some gentle mystery is cloistered with it.

May Janko's oils portray the thrust of mountains and a *Vaulted City* in solemnly colored monolithic shapes patterned in groups. The abruptly changing surface texture and strict pattern confine movement and space. But Norway does imply the majesty of the fiord that the painter has molded into her somewhat stolid style.

The third of this group, Stanley Stark, shows manipulated-drip paintings on board. The black paint is worked into various-shaped enclosures and these are filled with strident color. The experience is all on this level of formed contentlessness until you reach *Colliding Spheres*, in which the painter was struck by the possibility of free-moving color. Here he hits upon a light yellow, which moves in long dots across the dark drips to expand and vivify the whole surface. (Art Directions, Sept. 12-24.)—A.V.

Jean Rogers, Josef Wrobel: Two water-colorists: Jean Rogers broadly brushes well-composed versions of sunny Eastern seaboard that are a faint echo of Marin's formal rigor, and Josef Wrobel glimpses dark, red-blue dreams of antique flotillas through an encircling, cloudlike shutter. (Arts Center, Aug. 31-Sept. 11.)—A.V.

Robert Nunnolley: The wide horizontals or verticals of these expressionist abstractions are heaviest and deepest in mid-canvas; as they reach the edges they dry out. As yet no convincing image appears, and the monotonous value ranges of the blues, grays, greens, ochers and metallic gold delay its appearance. The paintings do not present detail, nor can they yet claim totality. Two square canvases, companion pieces, involve the surface more in both directions; still the clustered verticals that indicate horizontal motion strive toward greater definition. The oil on paper *Draining*, 12/58 is painted with exceptional clarity, distinction and variety, and may be a prediction. (Condon Riley, Sept. 15-Oct. 10.)—A.V.

Sonya Bradley: These painted images are deliberately formed. Their sense appears to have been weighed before the act of painting, and the act itself is used as a complicating or enriching process but minimally. Attempts at opening the area of knowledge available through painting appear, therefore, as isolated probings—in the stippled white brushwork, for instance, that deepens two discrete areas in the cloisonné-like plan of *The Tree*. Here, as in *The Dancer*, the essential image, which in both cases is a visual double entendre (tree-man; dancer-heart), is all on the surface, and is held there by the curved and intersecting dark line that forms it and by the color areas that fill up the enclosures. Granted



Bernard Steffen, *Late Afternoon*;
at Grand Central Moderns Gallery.



Sonya Bradley, *The Tree*;
at Panoramas Gallery.

locate the conviction of the presently stated images, one anticipates the deepening of the area of action, the expansion of space and the consequent liberation of boundaries of intention that might be available through painting itself used as discovery. (Panoras, Sept. 4-19.)—A.V.

Jeannette D. Nichols: The forms of nature—plant, branch, hill, horizon, man's body—are painted with a seemingly callous disrespect for their variety. This finds its equation in the sameness of stroke, texture and color range evident in *Afterglow* and *Sunlight*. *Quien Sabe?* ventures more, only to become a confusion of swirl—but it does venture. (Crespi, Sept. 14-25.)—A.V.

Carol Safer: Sand, clay, gravel, foam rubber, wire, etc., are applied to canvas or board surfaces by this young artist. The surface is then brushed with paint, some of it metallic. An "Artist's Statement" indicates that the painting is concerned with space, both outer and inner. The works themselves, when least explicit, as in *Worlds in Space*, do delicately suggest their aspiration toward something never to be defined. But too often the surface itself puts up a gucky plane and cries Stop! to whatever flow of space-feeling—outer or inner—the colors and their swirled patterning might advance. (Chase, Sept. 21-Oct. 3.)—A.V.

Earl Wertheim: Large, bright, heavily painted forms, flowerlike and plantlike in their suggestiveness, which, for all their awkwardness, possess a strange conviction, are presented in this first one-man showing by an artist who studied with Léger. (Panoras, Sept. 21-Oct. 3.) . . . **Melanie Schuman, Vera Wolinsky:** Two painters from the Art Students League exhibit oils that are forthright and direct in their attack but somewhat uneven in their control. *Expectation*, a still life of cooking ingredients, by the former, and *Mojave Interlude*, an abstraction in lemon yellows, whites and grays, by the latter, are the more notable works on view. (Ceceile, Sept. 1-12.) . . . **Joseph Grey:** The artist presents tasteful and well-handled abstractions in water color, with jewel-like breakthroughs of reddish oranges and light greens in the midst of intersecting planes of deeper greens and blues predominating in the most assured of his works. (Artzt, Sept. 10-21.) . . .

Stefano Cangemi, Giuseppi Pollara: Two Italian artists, exhibiting here for the first time, present a variety of styles within the figurative realm. Cangemi's most interesting work is the small landscape, *Olive Tree*, simply sketched with resonant grays and greens; Pollara's, the *Reclining Nude*, interesting largely for the strange liberties he has taken with the figure itself. (Ceceile, Sept. 14-26.) . . . **Sy Slobodkin, Steve Kuzma, Ed Beemer:** Three artists form a rather disparate group; Kuzma exhibits a respectable and well-handled realism, particularly in *Watertower*, Slobodkin a striking, somewhat Cubistic *Interior*, and Beemer a rather heavy-handed, turgid Impressionism that ranges through work from the 1920's to the 1955 landscape, *Tree and Fence*. (Ceceile, Sept. 24-Oct. 3.)—J.R.M.

Dick Stark: Long horizontal panels of painted collage display the decorative aspects of a football game, a track meet—and a Cuban slum; the colors are apposite to the attitude, which is to say, banal. (Eggleston, Sept. 14-Oct. 3.) . . . **George Samuels:** Scenes of Lower New York's waterfront are presented by a competent watercolorist; a glimpse beyond dark piers of a great white ocean liner being turned out toward sea by two tiny tugs catches the eye. (Kottler, Sept. 24-Oct. 3.) . . . **Ben Taub:** The pleasures of the primitive: green, yellow and purple fruits exactly painted on a pale ivory ground; a tea service on a table by an unseen window whose frames cast shadows across the simple scene. (Kottler, Sept. 8-19.)—A.V.



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A recently developed adhesive made of plastic rubber compounds is now marketed in a dry-bar form called DRY-stik. When rubbed on paper it leaves a thin pressure-sensitive coating that is not sticky to the touch; the paper sticks instantly at finger-tip pressure, and can be picked up and moved many times. When smoothed down firmly the adhesive forms a waterproof bond that is stronger than the paper itself. The dry bar is presented as a uniquely effective rubber cement in that it binds tight at edges, yet does not ooze or dirty; needing no thinners, it eliminates drying time and does not get lumpy or gummy. The product is odorless, nonflammable and nontoxic. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

The New York Central Supply Co. is featuring Neti oil paints in large jars equal to ten studio-size tubes. Prices range from \$1.85 to \$6.65 per jar. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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Koh-I-Noor's Versicolor is offered as a precision four-color ball-point luxury pen. The barrel is chrome-finished, with engraved panels of vertical grooves alternating with panels of crosshatching. It has colored push buttons denoting the four colors—red, blue, green and black. A noteworthy feature is the exclusive retraction mechanism. When one color is out in "use" position, all that need be done to replace it is to push out the other, desired color. This automatically retracts the one in "use" position. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

One of A. W. Faber's more recent products is the Magic-Rub Eraser, made of plastic material and containing no rubber and no abrasives. It is designed to erase drawing-pencil marks quickly and cleanly without marring or scratching even to the slightest degree the drawing or tracing-paper surface. The eraser is produced in the standard double-beveled shape. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

The Craftool Art Press is designed to meet the need for a sturdy yet low-priced etching and block-print press. It will handle relief printing (linoleum, woodblock, type, intaglio printing, etching, engraving, dry point) and lithography. The main body is cast aluminum. The Art Press folds into a compact unit and weighs fifty-one pounds. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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Offered by the Bienfang Paper Co., Canvasette is a prepared, ready-to-paint surface that rolls or flexes without cracking and will not absorb oil colors. The fabric-like material is available in two textures (medium rough and medium smooth) and two colors (ivory white and gray). Artists may work on Canvasette stretched, mounted on wood panels or directly from pads. The product is sold in sheets, pads and rolls. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Shiva Artists' Colors of Chicago has put out a limited edition of their award-winning package, "Painting with Oils." The package contains twelve studio-size tubes of Shiva "signature" oils, one large tube of zinc white, turpentine, medium, palette and palette knife. The set, attractively packaged as a book, sells for \$14.95. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Climax Industries of Cleveland, Ohio, is producing a fast-working modeling compound that can be air-dried in a kitchen oven. Called "Doh-Mix," the compound is a dry, powdered, finely ground wood. It is available in three textures, which when mixed with water dry to look like wood, stone or pottery. When baked, the material can be sawed, drilled or sanded, and can be painted with water or oil colors or crayoned. Free samples will be shipped upon request. For further information write to Studio Bazaar Editor, ARTS, 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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Chicago, Ill.: New Directions in Printmaking 1960,
Print Exhibitions of Chicago. Artists are invited to
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Harold McWhinnie, Print Exhibitions of Chicago, 1341
N. Sedgwick St., Chicago 10, Ill.

El Paso, Tex.: Sun Carnival Exhibit, El Paso Artist
Assn., Dec. 6-Jan. 1. Open to all artists. All media.
Jury. Fee: \$3 per work. Write: Manuel L. Acosta,
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Honolulu, Hawaii: 50th-State Print Exhibition,
Honolulu Academy of Arts, Nov. 5-Dec. 6. Open to all
U. S. artists. All print media. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards
due Oct. 12, work due by Oct. 20. Write: Print Makers,
Honolulu Academy of Arts, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Las Vegas, Nev.: Art League 4th National Art
Roundup, Nov. 1-21. Open to all artists. All painting
media. Jury. Cash prizes. Fee: \$5. Limit of 2 entries.
Entry cards and work due by Oct. 16. Write: Art
League, P. O. Box 893, Las Vegas, Nev.

New York, N. Y.: Allied Artists of America 46th
Annual Exhibition, National Academy Galleries, Oct.
27-Nov. 15. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel,
sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Work due Oct. 15.
Write: Martha Moore, 322 W. 72nd St., New York 23.

**American Veterans Society of Artists 21st Annual Ex-
hibition, Burr Galleries, Oct. 25-Nov. 7. Open to artist-
veterans and artists now in armed forces. Media: oil,
water color, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5
per entry. Entry cards due Oct. 12, work due Oct. 16
& 17. Write: Vincent La Gambina, 13-19 Avenue L,
Brooklyn 30, N. Y.**

**Art Directions Gallery Show Awards. Media: painting,
sculpture, graphics, ceramics. Jury. \$1,500 in prizes.
Fee: \$5 (no fee if work not accepted). Work due
Sept. 25 & 26. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 545 Ave.
of Americas, New York 11, N. Y.**

**Associated American Artists Print Competition, Sept.-
Oct. Open to all artists. Media: etching, lithograph,
woodcut. \$10,000 in prizes. Write: Associated American
Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.**

**Audubon Artists 18th Annual Exhibition, National
Academy Galleries, Jan. 21-Feb. 7. Media: oil, water
color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. \$3,000 in prizes.
Fee: \$5. Work due Jan. 7. Write: Mina Kocherthaler,
124 W. 79th St., New York 24, N. Y.**

**City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Exhibitions. Open
to all artists. Medium: oil. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write:
City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.**

**Contemporary Arts Pre-Season Group, Contemporary
Arts Gallery, Sept. 21-Oct. 2. Open to all American
artists. Fee: \$2. Work due Sept. 14. Write: Con-
temporary Arts, Inc., 19 E. 71st St., New York 21.**

**Creative Graphics 2nd Annual Print Fair of Limited
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**Emily Lowe Competition, Emily Lowe Gallery, Nov. 2-
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age. Media: oil, water color, gouache. \$4,000 in prizes.
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Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.**

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Oakland, Cal.: Bay Printmakers' 5th National Print
Exhibition, Oakland Art Museum, Nov. 14-Dec. 8.
Open to all U. S. printmakers. All print media except
monotype. Jury. Purchase awards. Fee: \$2. Entry cards
and work due Oct. 30. Write: Paul Mills, Oakland
Art Museum, 10th and Fallon Sts., Oakland 7, Cal.

Pasadena, Cal.: California Water Color Society's
39th Annual; Pasadena Art Museum, Nov. 10-Dec. 24;
Richmond Art Museum, Feb. 1-Mar. 1, 1960. Jury.
Cash prizes. \$10 membership fee. Work due Oct. 9.
Write: Lucille Brown Greene, 3733 Cedar Ave., Long
Beach 7, Cal.

Philadelphia, Pa.: 155th Annual Exhibition of
American Oil Painting and Sculpture; Detroit Institute
of Arts, Nov. 24-Jan. 3; Pennsylvania Academy of the
Fine Arts, Jan. 24-Feb. 28. Open to American artists
currently resident in U. S. Media: oil, tempera, sculp-
ture. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Work due by Oct. 21. Write:
Frances M. Vanderpool, Pennsylvania Academy of the
Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Sts., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Princeton, N. J.: 1959 Festival Exhibition and Sale,
Miss Fine's School, Oct. 17-20. Open to all artists.
Media: painting, sculpture, graphics, ceramics, handi-
crafts. Jury. No fee. Work due Oct. 13. Write: Mrs.
Charles B. Hanan, Miss Fine's School, Princeton, N. J.

Saint Paul, Minn.: Fiber, Clay, Metal Competition,
Saint Paul Gallery and School of Art, Nov. 15-Dec. 23.
Open to all American craftsmen. Media: ceramics,
metal, jewelry, weaving, textiles, wood, enamel. Jury.
\$2,500 in prizes. Work due Oct. 15. Write: Saint Paul
Gallery, 476 Summit Ave., Saint Paul 2, Minn.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League Annual
Spring Jury Exhibition, George Walter Vincent Smith
Art Museum, Apr. 3-May 1. Open to all artists. Media:
oil, water color, casein, pastel, gouache, prints, draw-
ings, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (for nonmembers).
Entry cards and work due Mar. 22. Write: Mrs. Marie
LaGasse, 463 Sunrise Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

REGIONAL

Atlanta, Ga.: 14th Southeastern Annual Art Exhi-
bition, Atlanta Art Assn. Galleries, Sept. 27-Oct. 11.
Open to artists of Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., La., N. C.,
S. C., Va., Tenn. Media: oil, tempera, transparent and
opaque water color, mixed media. Jury. \$2,100 in
prizes. Entries due by Sept. 8. Write: Atlanta Art
Assn., 1280 Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

Baton Rouge, La.: 17th Annual Louisiana State
Art Exhibition, Old State Capitol, Oct. 11-Nov. 8. Open
to artists living in La. Media: oil, water color, sculp-
ture, ceramics, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. No fee.
Work due by Oct. 1. Write: Jay R. Broussard, Room
208, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge 2, La.

Binghamton, N. Y.: 2nd Regional Art Exhibition,
Robertson Memorial Center, Oct. 5-Nov. 1. Open to
artists within 80 miles of Binghamton. Media: oil,
water color, drawing, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes.
Work due by Sept. 20. Write: Robertson Memorial
Center, Binghamton, N. Y.

Birmingham, Ala.: Water Color Society of Ala.
20th Annual, Birmingham Museum of Art, Oct. 4-20.
Open to all artists. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per work.
Entry cards and work due by Sept. 26. Write: Museum
of Art, 8th Ave. at N. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Dallas, Tex.: 21st Annual Texas Painting and Sculp-
ture Exhibition, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Oct. 10-
Nov. 22. Media: oil, casein, gouache, sculpture. Jury.
\$3,500 in prizes. Work due Sept. 13. Write: Charlotte
Stephens, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas 26, Tex.

Decatur, Ill.: 16th Annual Exhibition of Central
Illinois Artists, Decatur Art Center, Jan. 31-Feb. 28.
Open to artists living within 150 miles of Decatur.
Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry
cards and work due Jan. 14. Write: Decatur Art
Center, 125 N. Pine St., Decatur, Ill.

East Orange, N. J.: Art Centre of the Oranges 9th
Annual State Exhibition, Mar. 6-19. Open to N. J.
artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5
per entry (limit of 2). Entry cards due Feb. 10, work
due Feb. 13 & 14. Write: James F. White, 115 Halsey
St., East Orange, N. J.

Hartford, Conn.: Conn. Water Color Society An-
nual, Wadsworth Atheneum, Sept. 19-Oct. 17. Open to
artists of Conn. Media: water color, gouache. Jury.
Prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Sept. 11. Write: Mrs. Rhea
Etherington, 17 High Farms Road, West Hartford, Conn.

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Hartford, Conn.

Indianapolis, Ind.: 2nd Annual Art for Religion Exhibition, Indianapolis Bethlehem Lutheran Church, Oct. 11-25. Open to all professional artists and art students of Ind. All media. Jury. Medals of merit. No fee. Entry cards due Sept. 20, work due Oct. 1 & 2. Write: D. E. Elder, 526 E. 52nd St., Indianapolis 5, Ind.

Jacksonville, Fla.: 1st Jacksonville Annual, Artists League and Art Museum, Nov. 1-25. Open to artists residing in S. C., Ga., Ala., Fla. Media: oil, water color, tempera, casein. Jury. Prizes. Write: Jacksonville Museum, 1550 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville 4, Fla.

Lawrence, Kan.: 6th Annual Kansas Designer Craftsman Show, U. of Kan., Nov. 8-Dec. 4. Open to craftsmen who have resided in Kan. for minimum of year and to residents of greater Kansas City, Mo. Media: ceramics, jewelry, silversmithing, textiles, furniture, sculpture, mosaics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3; 15% sales commission. Work due Oct. 28. Write: Marjorie Whitney, Dept. of Design, U. of Kan., Lawrence, Kan.

Montclair, N. J.: 28th Annual N. J. State Exhibition, Montclair Art Museum, Nov. 1-Dec. 6. Open to artists living in or born in N. J. Media: oil, water color, prints, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per entry (limit of 2). Entry cards due by Sept. 23, work due Sept. 27-Oct. 4. Write: Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, N. J.

New Canaan, Conn.: 5th Annual New Canaan Outdoor Art Show, Sept. 26 & 27. Open to artists resident in Fairfield County. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawing, photograph, sculpture. Prize. No fee; 30% sales commission. Work due Sept. 13 & 14. Write: New Canaan Outdoor Art Show, P. O. Box 1141, New Canaan, Conn.

Pittsfield, Mass.: Berkshire Art Assn. 8th Annual, Berkshire Museum, Oct. 1-31. Open to artists living at least 2 months a year in N. Y. State or New England (all 6 states). Media: oil, water color, sculpture under 100 lbs. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4 includes membership. Work due Sept. 19. Write: R. B. Kimball, c/o Berkshire Eagle, Pittsfield, Mass.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League Fall Exhibition, George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum, Nov. 8-Dec. 6. Open to artists within 100 miles of Springfield. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, gouache, prints, drawings, sculpture. No jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (includes League membership). Entry cards and work due Nov. 3. Write: Mrs. Muriel LaGasse, 463 Sunrise Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

Washington, D. C.: 14th Annual Area Exhibition, Corcoran Gallery of Art. Open to artists within 50 miles of Washington. Media: painting, water color, prints, drawing, sculpture, ceramics, textiles, silver. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per entry. Work due Oct. 16 & 17. Write: Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th St. and New York Ave., Washington 6, D. C.

Youngstown, O.: 12th Annual Ohio Ceramic and Sculpture Show, Butler Institute of American Art, Jan. 1-31. Open to present and former residents of O. Media: ceramics, sculpture, enamel. Fee: \$2. Work due by Dec. 13. Write: Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown 2, O.

FULBRIGHT INFORMATION

Young American artists, sculptors, art historians and archaeologists have an opportunity to study in any of forty-five foreign countries during 1960-61 under the **International Educational Exchange Program** of the Department of State, it has been announced by the Institute of International Education. The Fulbright Act is operative in twenty-seven of these countries, and in those Latin American countries where there are no opportunities under the Fulbright program, grants are made under the Government's Inter-American Cultural Convention program. Approximately a thousand awards will enable Americans to study abroad in an unlimited number of fields. General eligibility requirements are U.S. citizenship, a Bachelor's degree or the equivalent of four years of professional training, language ability sufficient to carry on the proposed study, and good health. Application forms must be submitted by November 1. Information may be had from the Institute of International Education, 1 East 67th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Fulbright Painters II

ATLANTA, GA.
ART ASSOC., Sept. 27-Oct. 11: Southeastern Annual Art Exhibition

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN GALLERY, Sept. 9-Oct. 25: Glenn R. Bradshaw

BOSTON, MASS.
MUSEUM, Sept. 15-Oct. 15: Multiple Print Exhibition; Sept. 10-30: Boston Water Color Society

KANEGIS GALLERY, Sept. 28-Oct. 12: Photography by John Brook

BOULDER, COLO.
UNIVERSITY OF COLO., Sept. 1-30: UNESCO Watercolor Reproductions

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO
BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY, Sept. 1-22: Swedish Rock Carvings; Oct. 4-25: Contemporary German Prints

BUFFALO, N. Y.
ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, Sept. 1-Oct. 5: Paintings and Sculpture from the Knox Collection

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
FOGG ART MUSEUM, to Sept. 12: The Collection of Maurice Wertheim, 19 Century French; to Oct. 31: Muslim Calligraphy

CHICAGO, ILL.
THE ART INSTITUTE, through Sept.: Primitive Art from the Art Institute Collection; through Sept.: Ancient Peruvian Art

CHICAGO NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Aug. 1-Sept. 28: Indian Art of the Americas

CLEVELAND, OHIO
HOWARD WISE GALLERY, Sept. 20-Oct. 17: Recent paintings by Gyorgy Kepes

COLUMBUS, GA.
COLUMBUS MUSEUM OF ARTS AND CRAFTS INC., Sept. 15-Oct. 15: Sargent Watercolors

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
COLORADO SPRINGS FINE ART CENTER, Aug. through Dec.: One Hundred Years of Art in Colorado

DAVENPORT, IOWA
DAVENPORT MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Sept. 13-Oct. 4: Quad-City Architectural Association Exhibition; Samuel Gholson, paintings; John Bernhardt, prints; Evelyn E. Wentz, enamels

DENVER, COLO.
DENVER ART MUSEUM, Sept. 13-Oct. 4: Latin American Art, Pre-Columbian and Contemporary; Oct. 11-Nov. 22: Recent Sculpture in the U.S.A.

DES MOINES, IOWA
DES MOINES ART CENTER, Sept. 10-27: Robert Edmiston, sculpture; Prints from the Collection of John Huseby

DETROIT, MICH.
DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Aug. 11-Sept. 20: Drawings from the Permanent Collection

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.
GUILD HALL, Sept. 17-Oct. 4: Photographic Exhibition

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
FORT WORTH ART CENTER, through Oct. 4: Chinese Ivories

FREDONIA, N. Y.
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, Oct. 1-25: Contemporary American Watercolors and Drawings

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
HOFSTRA COLLEGE, from Sept. 28: Recent Works of the College Fine Arts Faculty

HOUSTON, TEXAS
MUSEUM, Sept. 1-30: Fulbright Painters

KALAMAZOO, MICH.
WESTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, Oct. 1-25: Religious Subjects in Modern Graphic Arts

KANSAS CITY, MO.
WM. ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, Oct. 1-25: German Artists of Today

KASSEL, GERMANY
BELLEVUE PALACE, to Oct. 11: Documenta II

KARLSRUHE, GERMANY
BADEN HALL OF ART, to Sept. 27: Hans Baldung Grien; to mid-Oct.: Baroque Arts and Artists of the Palatinate

LAS VEGAS, N. M.
NEW MEXICO HIGHLANDS UNIVERSITY, Aug. 15-Oct. 15: Annual Craftsman's Show; Oct. 15-Dec. 5: New Mexican Artists

LONDON, ENGLAND
TATE GALLERY and ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY, July 10-Sept. 27: The Romantic Movement

LONG BEACH, CALIF.
MUSEUM, Sept. 13-Oct. 5: Douglas MacFadden, paintings; Eskimo Carvings

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
ART ASSOCIATION, Aug. 14-Sept. 9: Paintings and Sculpture by New Members

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM, Sept. 16-Oct. 18: Abstract Classicism; American Prints Today

LOUISVILLE, KY.
SPEED MUSEUM, Oct. 9-30: 20 Century American Paintings, Root Collection; Oct. 4-25: Northwest Painters Today

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Sept. 5-27: 20 Century American Paintings from the Root Collection

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART CENTER, Sept. 10-Oct. 11: Sculpture in Our Time, Joseph H. Hirschhorn Private Collection

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, to Sept. 17: Contemporary Japanese Prints; Picasso

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
MUSEUM, Sept. 15-Oct. 20: Great European Print Makers from the Root Collection; Sept. 6-27: Paintings of Dr. Theodore Brenson; Oct. 4-25: Paintings and prints of Worden Day, prints of Arthur Heintzelman; Coats of Arms of the United Nations

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, Oct. 1-Nov. 15: Max Weber

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
NEWCOMB COLLEGE, Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Fulbright Painters II

TULANE UNIVERSITY, Oct. 1-22: The Way of Chinese Landscape Painting

NORWICH, CONN.
SLATER MEMORIAL MUSEUM, Sept. 13-Oct. 4: Early American Woodcarving

OMAHA, NEB.
JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, Oct. 6-Nov. 1: Three Danish Printmakers

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, Sept.-mid-Oct.: Work from the Academy's Permanent Collection of American Painting and Sculpture

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
MUSEUM, Sept.: Oils of O. E. L. Graves

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, June 15-Sept. 27: Engravings by Claude Mellan

PITTSFIELD, MASS.
BERKSHIRE MUSEUM, Oct. 1-Nov. 1: Eighth Annual Exhibition of Painting

READING, PA.
PUBLIC MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, Sept. 6-27: Non Juried Exhibition of Local Artists

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE, Sept.: A Quest for Light, the Camerawork of Francis Bruguière; Ventures in Reality, Color photography by Syl Labrot

ROCKPORT, MASS.
ART ASSOCIATION, Aug. 8-Sept. 20: Thirty-ninth Annual Exhibition

ROSWELL, N. M.
MUSEUM, Sept. 6-Oct. 9: Architecture of Purcell and Elmslie; Sept. 6-Oct. 3: Pecos Valley Annual Photographic Exhibition

ST. LOUIS, MO.
CITY ART MUSEUM, Sept. 4-28: Gateway Artists; Sept. 15-Oct. 26: 20 Century Design

SAN DIEGO, CAL.
FINE ARTS GALLERY, July 17-Sept. 19: American Primitive Paintings; Aug. 2-Sept. 19: Ten Bamboo Prints

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
MOULDES GALLERY, Sept. 10-Oct. 23: School of Paris, Georges Mathieu, Pierre Soulages, Zao Wou-Ki

CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, Sept. 1-22: Contemporary French Tapestries; from Sept. 5: Sculptures by Aristide Maillol; from Sept. 12: All About the Circus; from Sept. 13: Paintings and drawings by Sutter Marin; Sept. 18-27: Watercolors of the South Pacific by James Scott and Ivory Carvings by Japanese Masters; from Sept. 12: American Prints Today

MUSEUM, Aug. 4-Sept. 30: Arthur G. Dove Retrospective; Aug. 4-Sept. 30: Prints and Photographs; Aug. 20-Sept. 27: Prints by Bay Area Artists Number 1; Sept. 10-Nov. 12: Paintings by Jan Cox

SAN JOSE, CAL.
ROSICRUCIAN EGYPTIAN-ORIENTAL MUSEUM, Sept. 15-Oct. 4: Image of America

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
MUSEUM, Sept.: Rubel Collection, Modern French Masters; Old Maps of the Western World; German Expressionist Paintings; Paintings by Sam Amato; Art in Film

SEATTLE, WASH.
MUSEUM, Sept. 11-Nov. 1: Mark Tobey Retrospective; Oct. 8-Nov. 1: British American Craftsmen

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MUSEUM, Sept. 1-22: Works of Peter Takol; Sept. 23-Oct. 4: Selected Works from Frye Group

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
MUSEUM, Sept. 19-27: The 1959 Eastern States Art Exhibit

TAOS, N. M.
GALLERIA ESCONDIDA, Sept. 20-Oct. 5: Robert D. Ray, paintings; Edgar Britton, sculpture

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL
HELENA RUBENSTEIN PAVILION, Aug. 25-Sept. 26: Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture

TORONTO, CANADA
THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, June 1-Sept. 27: Painting and Sculpture from the Gallery Collection

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, to Sept. 22: Photographs of Angkor Wat

WASHINGTON, D. C.
CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, Oct. 10-Nov. 8: Fifteen Painters from Paris

WICHITA, KANSAS
MUSEUM, Sept. 1-30: The Engravings of Peter Breugel, the Elder

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA: Sept. 11-Oct. 4: Bernard Ralph Maybeck

WINNIPEG ART GALLERY, Sept. 4-27: French Canadian Art

NEW YORK CITY

Museums:

BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy): Sept. 21-Oct. 25: Norwegian Tapestries

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK (5th at 103), Sept. 23-Jan. 3: The Four Seasons in Central Park, photographs

CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Sept. 18-Nov. 29: A Survey of Enamels

COOPER UNION MUSEUM (Cooper Sq.), Oct. 3-17: The New Landscape of Art and Science

JEWISH MUSEUM (92 at 5th), Sept. 17 through Oct.: Ben Zion

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to Sept. 6: Summer Loan Exhibition of Paintings from Private Collections; to Sept. 6: Form Givers at mid-Century; Sept. 17-Nov. 29: The Camera Out of Doors

MODERN ART (11 W. 53), to Sept. 8: The New American Painting; July 15-Oct. 4: Drawings and Watercolors—New Acquisitions; Sept.: Structures by Buckminster Fuller; Sept. 9-Nov. 8: International Packaging Exhibition; Sept. 30-Nov. 29: New Images of Man

MORGAN LIBRARY (29 E. 36), Sept. 22-Nov. 28: Samuel Johnson; portraits, MS., first editions, letters, etc.

PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), Sept. 16 to Feb. 7: Objects from the Lake Sentani area of Netherlands New Guinea

RIVERSIDE (Riverside Dr. at 103), Sept. 10-27: Forty-Second Annual Exhibition and Nineteenth Annual Exhibition of Miniature Prints

STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, Sept. 6-Oct. 4: Recent Acquisitions; Selections from the Institutes Collection of Prints by Rembrandt, Durer and Van Ostade

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Oct. 21-Nov. 8: Contemporary American Art included in Moscow Art Exhibition

Galleries:

ALAN (766 Madison at 66), Sept. 8-26: Group; Sept. 28-Oct. 17: George Cohen

ART CENTER (545 6th at 15), Aug. 31-Sept. 11: Jean Rogers, Josef Wrobel; Sept. 12-24: Leah Gold, Raymond Andrews

ART DIRECTIONS (545 6th at 15), Sept. 12-24: Evi Fisk, May Janko, Stanley Stark

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), Sept. 8-24: Gallery Group; Sept. 25-Oct. 15: Albert Mullen; Oct. 17-Nov. 5: Robert Smithson

ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE (215 W. 57), Sept. through Oct. 31: Instructors' Work

ARTZT (142 W. 57), Sept. 10-21: Joseph Grey; Sept. 9-21: David Brooks; Sept. 22-Oct. 3: Group; Sept. 21-Oct. 2: Gallery Artists

BABCOCK (805 Madison at 68), Sept. 1-30: 19 & 20 Century American Artists

BARONE (1018 Madison at 79), Sept. 15-Oct. 15: Three Sculptors; Israel Levitan, Hilda Morris, Wilbur Verhelst

BERRY-HILL (743 5th bet. 57 & 58), through Sept.: 19 Century Americans

BERRYMAN (2852 B'way. at 111), through Sept.: European Graphics

BONNIERS' (605 Madison), from Oct. 7: Japanese ceramics and other craft items

BORGENICHT (1018 Madison at 79), Sept. 15-Oct. 3: Prospectus

BROOKLYN ARTS GALLERY (141 Montague), through Sept. 12: Group

BURR (115 W. 55), Sept. 1-12: Society of Animal Artists; Sept. 13-26: Dorothy Eckhardt and Viola A. Lowenheim; Sept. 26-Oct. 10: Retrospective of Gifford Cochran; Anna Hyatt Huntington; Oct. 11-24: Daniele Gilbert; Oct. 25-Nov. 7: American Veterans' Society of Artists

CECEILE (62 W. 56), Sept. 1-12: Art Students' League Award Winners; Melanie Schuman, Vera Wolinsky; Sept. 14-26: Stefano Cangemi, Giuseppe Pollara;

Sept. 24-Oct. 3: Sy Slobodkin, Ed Bee-mer, Steve Kuzma; Sept. 28-Oct. 10: Jean Coutu

CHASE (31 E. 64), Sept. 21-Oct. 3: Carol Safer

COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Sept. 28-Oct. 17: Benjamin G. Benno, pastels

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), Sept. 21-Oct. 2: Pre-Season Open Group Exhibition

CRESPI (232 E. 58), Sept. 14-25: Jeanette Nicols; Sept. 28-Oct. 9: Andi

DEITSCH (1018 Madison at 79), through Sept.: Original Prints & Drawings of the 19 & 20 Century

DUNCAN (303 E. 51), Sept. 8-22: Salon of the Fifty States; Fernando Cuny, paintings; Sept. 15-29: Ligoa Duncan, Abstracts in hand weaving; Michel Merle, inks

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), through Sept.: Group Show

DUEVEN (18 E. 79), through Sept.: Rubens & Van Dyck

EGGLESTON (969 Madison at 76), Sept. 14-26: Recent paintings by Dick Stark

EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Oct. 5-31: Group; Sept. 21-Oct. 10: Canvas Newly Painted—Group

F.A.R. (746 Madison at 65), Sept. 21 through Oct.: Graphic Art by French Masters

FINDLAY (11 E. 57), Sept. 14-Oct. 10: Group Show, 19 & 20 Century French Masters—New Acquisitions of the School of Paris

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), Sept. 21-Oct. 10: Sculpture & Sculptors' Drawings

FLEISCHMAN (84 E. 10), Sept. 20-Oct. 9: Henry Newman

FRENCH & CO. (978 Madison at 76), Sept. 15-Oct. 10: David Smith, paintings and drawings

FURMAN (46 E. 80), Pre-Columbian GALLERY (200 E. 59), Sept. 1-14: Lee 'oltin, photographs; Sept. 15-Oct. 3: Gerald McLaughlin, paintings

GRAHAM (1014 Madison at 78), Sept. 14-Oct. 3: Group; through Oct.: James Harvey

JAMES GRAHAM & SONS (1014 Madison at 78), Sept. 17-Oct. 10: Oscar Bluemner; Oct. 17-Nov. 7: Warren E. Russell

GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43), Sept. 15-Nov. 12: Founders Show

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Madison at 79), Sept. 26-Oct. 15: Bernard Steffen; Sept. 1-25: Gallery Group

HAMMER (51 E. 57), Sept. 8-19: Emeric HERVE (611 Madison at 58), through Sept.: Group Show—Contemporary French Artists

HICKS STREET (48 Hicks St., Bklyn.), Sept. 8-26: Group; Sept. 29-Oct. 17: Josephine Burns

HIRSCHL AND ADLER (21 E. 67), Sept. 8-26: Recent Acquisitions

IMAGE (100 E. 10), Sept. 25-Oct. 11: Photographs by David Vestal

INTERNATIONAL (55 W. 56), Sept. 10-24: New York Society of Women Painters; Sept. 8-15: Oliver Charles

JACKSON (32 E. 69), Sept. 10-Oct. 3: Appel, Paolozzi, Richier; Oct. 6-24: New paintings by John Hultberg; Oct. 29-Nov. 21: Louise Nevelson; Oct. 6-31: Matisse to Manessier—20 Century Paintings (presented by Stephen Hahn)

JANIS (15 E. 57), Sept. 28-Oct. 24: Late drawings by Gorky

KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), through Sept.: American Paintings of the 19 Century

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Sept. 15-Oct. 10: Sculpture by Laura Ziegler

KOOTZ (1018 Madison at 79), Sept. 8-26: Group; Sept. 29-Oct. 17: Gerard Schneider

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Sept. 8-19: Ben Taub; Sept. 21-Oct. 3: Ethel Christensen, George Samuels

KRASNER (1061 Madison at 81), Sept. 14-26: Tetsuo Ochikubo, lithographs; Sept. 28-Oct. 17: Jerry Okimoto, paintings

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Madison at 80), Sept. 21-Oct. 10: By Rocking Chair Across America, drawings by Ronald Searle; Oct. 12-31: Russell Cowles, paintings

LANDRY (712 5th at 57), Sept. 10-30: A Corporation Collects

LOEB (12 E. 57), from Sept. 15: Group

MELTZER (38 W. 57), Sept. 8-Oct. 3: Gallery Group; Oct. 5-24: Kurt Lewy

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Sept. 15-Oct. 10: Tao Chi

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Sept. 29-Oct. 21: Art in Interiors

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Sept. 14-Oct. 3: Justin Schorr; Oct. 6-24: Luis Interian

NESSLER (718 Madison at 64), Sept. 21-Oct. 3: Paintings and Sculpture from Centre d'Art, Port au Prince, Haiti; Oct. 5-17: Robert Schorr; Oct. 6-24: Luis Interian

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), through Sept.: Old Masters & 18 Century Masters

NORDNESS (700 Madison at 63), Sept. 15-Oct. 3: I. Rice Pereira illustrates her poetry

OLD PRINT CENTER & PHYLLIS LUCAS GALLERY (161 E. 52), through Sept.: Views of Old New York

PANORAS (62 W. 56), Sept. 4-14: Sonya Bradley; Sept. 21-Oct. 3: Earl Wertheim

PARSONS (15 E. 57), Sept. 28-Oct. 17: Sari Dienes; Oct. 6-24: Jeanne Reynal

PHOENIX (40 3 at 10), Sept. 18-Oct. 8: Opening Invitation Exhibition; Oct. 9-22: Robert Weigand; Oct. 9-29: Phoenix Group; Oct. 23-Nov. 5: Jimmy Cuchiara

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Sept. 15-30: Hilda Ward

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Sept.: Contemporary American Painting; Oct.: Emerson Woelfler

PORTRAITS INC. (136 E. 57), Contemporary Portraits

RILEY (24 E. 67), Sept. 15-Oct. 10: Robert Nunnell

ROKO (925 Madison at 74), Sept. 14-Oct. 7: Kate Helsy

ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), Sept. 14-Oct. 12: Group Show of Recent Acquisitions

SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS (245 E. 23), Sept. 14-Oct. 8: Howard Simon, paintings

SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Sept. 15-Oct. 10: Claude Venard, recent paintings

STAEMPFLI (47 E. 77), Sept. 30-Oct. 17: David Park

STOLPER (7 E. 80), Sept. 20-Oct. 10: Santos of New Mexico

SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Sept. 18-Oct. 1: Gallery Group; Oct. 2-15: Byron Gigoux; Oct. 16-Nov. 5: Rosario Morena

TANAGER (90 E. 10), Oct. 16-Nov. 6: Group

TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art

VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.), Sept. 14-Oct. 1: 17th Annual Watercolor Exhibition

WALKER (117 E. 57), Sept.: Group

WHITE (42 E. 57), Sept. 22-Oct. 10: Ida Kohlmeyer

WILLARD (23 W. 56), Oct. 6-31: American Folk Art

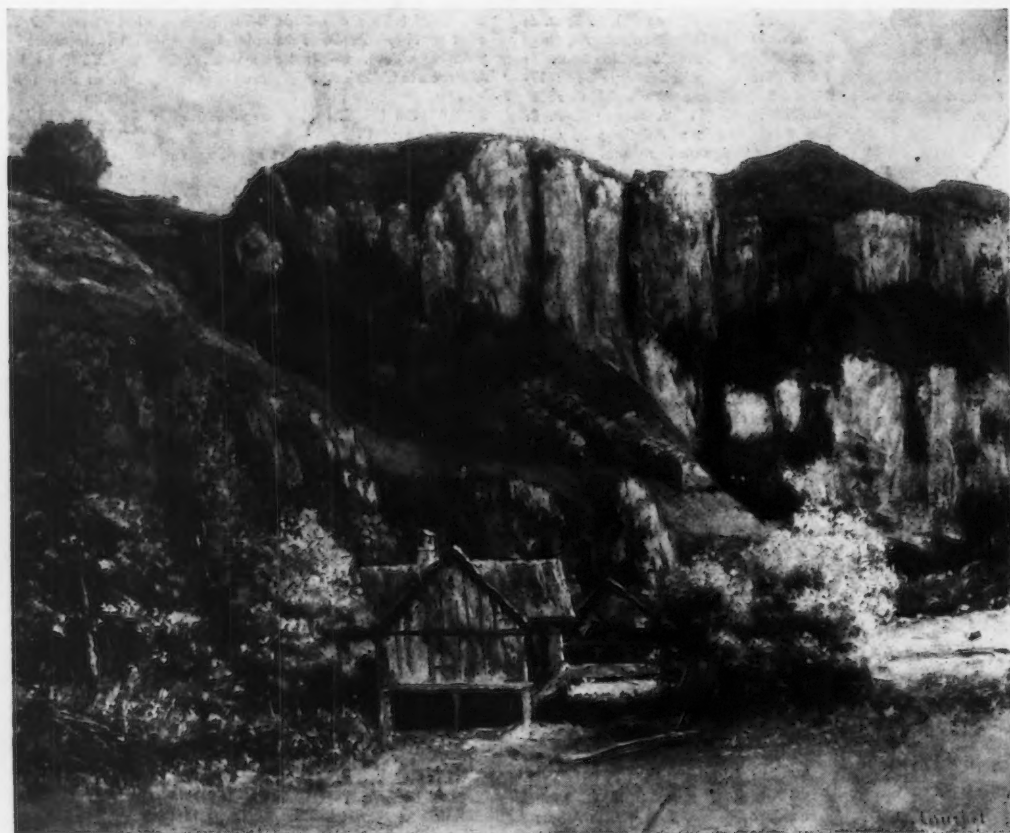
WITTENBORN (1018 Madison at 79), Sept. 15-Oct. 15: Richard Welch, woodcuts; Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Anna Eva Bergman, lithographs

WORLD HOUSE (987 Madison at 77), Sept. 8-Oct. 3: Trustees' Choice

ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), Sept. 14-Oct. 3: Portraits by Joseph Stella

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